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114 DAISY MARIE



22 A.J. BAILEY



190 JASMINE



134 TIA: HISTORY OF THE CIGAR



92 BREY LYNN

HUSTLER

LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE
SINCE 1974

FEBRUARY 2007 VOLUME 33 NUMBER 9
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GIRLS SPREAD

22 A.J. BAILEY: Making a Splash
Photography by Matti Klatt

48 NANI & CHRISTIAN: Tropical Lay
Photography by Holly Randall

67 BRIANA BANKS & BRITTNEY SKYE: Country Girls
Photography by Laurent Sky

92 BREA LYNN: She Gets Wet
Photography by Matti Klatt

48 NANI: TROPICAL LAY



67 COUNTRY GIRLS

114 DAISY MARIE: Be All That You Can Be
Photography by Matti Klatt

134 TIA & JULIAN: History of the Cigar
Photography by Thomas Riffer

190 JASMINE BYRNE: Sex by Design
Photography by Laurent Sky

MONTHLY FEATURES

3 JIZZ PENIS BUTTER
Ad Parody



14 BASKIN-ROBBINS
Political Commentary

36 NEW OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING EVIDENCE
by Mark Johnson & Bryan Sacks

42 WAXING EROTIC
Jenna Jameson Now a Madame Tussauds Girl!
by Mark Johnson



42

44 CAGED RAGE
Blow-by-Blow on Mixed Martial Arts
by J. Rentilly

58 EVERYBODY LOVES FLAVOR FLAV!
Rap Icon Drops By
Exclusive Interview by Keith Valcourt

60 DAVID HOROWITZ PART 2
Finale to HUSTLER's Face-off With a Neocon
Q&A by Bruce David & Ed Rampell

64 BUSTY BEAUTIES RETURN!
Titillating New Book on Old-Time Ta-tas

76 THE REAL VICKY VETTE
Porn Bombshell's Private Side
by Ed Rampell



76

80 CONFESSIONS OF AN EBAY OPIUM ADDICT
Shopping Online for a Buzz?!
by Peter Thompson

85 CUNT-SINO ROYALE
Movie Spoof by Noel Anderson

110 FAMOUS FLESH
Toni Braxton, Lindsay Lohan, Maria Sharapova

112 MOVIE MAMMARIES
Uma Thurman, Plus Bonus
Dancing With the Stars Foxes



85

THE ISSUE'S STANDARDS

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
by Larry Flynt

8 TECH KNOW
Exceptional Gizmos

9 ROBERT SCHEER

11 FEEDBACK
Reader Missives



17 BITS & PIECES

15 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

17 BITS & PIECES
Hard-Partying Babes, Wacky Newsbites,
Celeb Biting a Wiener & Much More Fun

30 HOT LETTERS

32 GAME ON
New Action Titles—
Plus 5 for Stoners

83 LORENZO PINUP

104 HUSTLER HUMOR

106 AURAL PLEASURES
Mötormouthing Lemmy; Paris Hilton Forgettable



125 COLLEGE REPORT
Harvard Alum vs. Horowitz

126 REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
Naked Smart Lookers

128 BEAVER HUNT
Amateur Potpourri



144

144 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
Aphrodisiac, Shy Love "Dot-Cum," Retro Smut



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THE CLIMATE OF FEAR

Be afraid, be very afraid. That's the message coming from the Bush Administration. While it is true that there are terrorists who mean us harm—serious harm—the thing I fear most is the Bush Administration itself.

Bush and his minions are using the threat of terrorism to manipulate us into accepting the loss of our civil liberties. If we don't listen to our "leaders," they say, the terrorists will get us. Let us wiretap you. Let us suspend habeas corpus. Grant us the right to torture. Surrender all the things that have made America great, and we will keep you safe.

In 1933 President Franklin D. Roosevelt, speaking

about America's Great Depression in his first inaugural address, uttered words that apply just as well to the situation we find ourselves in today: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance."

So long as we live in fear, the terrorists—and the Bush Administration—have won.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

BOOM BOX ►

Hey, you. Yes, you, the guy driving around in that expensive car with a cheap factory-installed speaker system. Isn't it time you upgraded your sound? You agree, but aren't sure what to buy? Well, the people at **Fusion** have made it simple with an economical, ready-to-install audio system. The **Fusion Bass Pack** features a dual 12-inch-speaker-loaded enclosure (800 watts max), an encounter monoblock amplifier (66 watts max) and an 8-gauge amplifier installation kit (500 watts max). All the components are designed in **Fusion's** distinctive neon colors for an extra cool look. Hook it up! Available at **FusionCarAudio.com**. Suggested retail price: \$899.99.

YO, SASQUATCH! ►

Women don't like back hair, and whether it's a small patch or a full fur coat, you need to do something about it. You could wax it—if you're a sissy. Now with the **Mangroomer** you can shave away your problem hair. With its sleek, over-the-shoulder design you can easily reach all areas of your upper and middle back. The compact unit opens up to 135 degrees and comes with a fully extendable and adjustable handle. Be a man. Pick up the **Mangroomer**. Available at **Mangroomer.com**. Suggested retail price: \$39.95.

PUBLIC SPEAKER ►

If you're looking for a big-sounding, room-filling speaker sound system that uses the latest in flat panel design, then check this out. The **i.sound Harmony Speaker** system features 2 NXT flat panel loudspeakers, subwoofer, iPod stand for all models, bass volume control and 12 watts of total RMS output. You get all this for under a hundred bucks! It can be used with all MP3 players, the PSP, PC, Mac or any other audio device with a standard headphone jack. Available at **DreamGear.net**. Suggested retail price: \$99.



◀ GLOW TO GO

You can share your tunes wherever you go with this highly portable speaker system. The **i.Sound 4X Glow** is compatible with all docking iPods. It has 4 built-in microspeakers with high-quality stereo sound, a wireless remote and custom glow effects. It can also be used with other MP3 units, CD players or audio devices via a standard headphone jack. The foldable design allows you to grab your music and go wherever you want. Available in a white or black casing, the **4X Glow** runs on either AC power cord or 6 AA batteries. Available at **DreamGear.net**. Suggested retail price: \$59.95.

▼ WANNA BOOST?

This pocket-size portable audio amplifier and splitter gives an extra kick to anything that uses headphones. With the **Boostaroo** you can really pump up the volume. It also lets you share your personal music with up to three other people with no loss of sound quality. Just plug the tiny device into any music player, and you're all in tune. Providing up to 36 hours of play on just two AA batteries, the **Boostaroo** is perfect for grueling airplane trips. Available at **ProTravelGear.com**. Suggested retail price: \$26.95.



The *Real* Case for IMPEACHMENT

IN SAN DIEGO, I spotted a bumper sticker that should be found and immortalized in the Smithsonian museum as emblematic of the entire reign of Bush the Lesser. It pleaded, "Would someone please give George W. a blowjob so that we can impeach him?"

A plaintive appeal, not likely to be implemented, but directly on target nonetheless. I bring it up to underscore the double standard employed by a cowardly Congress and mainstream media for the five years after 9/11 when, as historians will note with near unanimity, the so-called "War on Terror" became the vehicle for emasculating not only a free press, but all of the other checks on imperial power which the Founding Fathers thought to enshrine in our Constitution.

The media hounded Clinton for years, hot after every sniff of sexual scandal while ignoring the serious problems he attempted to deal with as President—most notably the threat of international terrorism. As a result, the American public came to know in incredible detail of the President's peccadilloes, from the use of a cigar in sexual foreplay to the exact location of the semen that splattered on Monica Lewinsky's infamous blue dress. They described the markings on his penis in detail, yet appeared to know next to nothing about the threat posed by al-Qaeda.

All too aware of the salacious interests of the media, the Republicans out to deny Clinton the fruits of his second-term electoral victory dared to insist that a dalliance with a White House intern rose to the status of "high crimes and misdemeanors" as specified in the Constitution as the basis for impeachment.

When Clinton went after al-Qaeda with 75 to 100 cruise missiles, the media ridiculed him for allegedly trying to "Wag the Dog" to distract attention from the sex scandal so valuable to television and newspaper sales. Reporters were actually watching the DeNiro/Hoffman film about a politician who gins up a phony war to distract the nation from his personal scandal just before Clinton walked into a school gym to announce the strikes in retaliation for al-Qaeda's attack on U.S. embassies in Africa, according to Knight Ridder's Sandy Grady.

Some Republicans were only too happy to jump on the trendy take on the missile strikes

on suspected terror operations in Sudan and Afghanistan. "[The President] is under a cloud of doubt. I'm on the Intelligence Committee and this is a total surprise," claimed Indiana Republican Senator Dan Coats, then demanding Clinton's resignation. "I wonder if the President was desperate to avoid his personal problems?"

Back in reality, many key Republicans were, in fact, briefed beforehand on secret intelligence data which supported the President's actions, but still they attacked him. But rather than throw their bipartisan support to Clinton against al-Qaeda, they thought to stoke the ancient charges of Paula Jones, alleging impropriety by Clinton when he was still governor of Arkansas. Clinton was even forced to endure nine hours of humiliating questioning by Jones's counsel during the very hours when he should have been monitoring the results of the raids on al-Qaeda.

Contrast Congress's and the media's bulldog treatment of Clinton's sex life with the sheeplike acquiescence both showed a few years later to Bush's historic abuses of power after 9/11, when the Right insisted that to criticize Bush or his policies was tantamount to treason. "People should watch what they say," said the President's press secretary, while Attorney General John Ashcroft opined that "those who scare peace-loving people with phantoms of lost liberty ... only aid terrorists."

This argument of convenience worked to shroud a host of major deceptions concerning the public interest, from the California energy crisis provoked by his old buddy Ken Lay at Enron, the lobbying scandals of Jack Abramoff and Tom DeLay, and, especially, the falsehoods concerning Saddam Hussein's possession of WMD and his fictitious ties to Osama bin Laden. The sordid record of Bush makes the most compelling case yet in U.S. history for impeachment.

Worse Than Watergate is the all-too-accurate book title of former Nixon White House counsel John Dean. He should know, of course, for he witnessed those crimes from inside the conspiracy. But Dean, only 31 years old at the time, did what nobody high in the Bush Administration has been willing to do: He blew the whistle.


Dean testified that he had warned Nixon that



there was "a cancer on the Presidency," although he would not have been believed had the existence of White House tapes not been revealed and had they not contained the words of that conversation exactly as Dean had reported them. Such conversations have no doubt occurred in the inner sanctum of the Bush White House, but the sad truth is that no one has yet exhibited the courage, and sense of responsibility to the American public, as did John Dean.

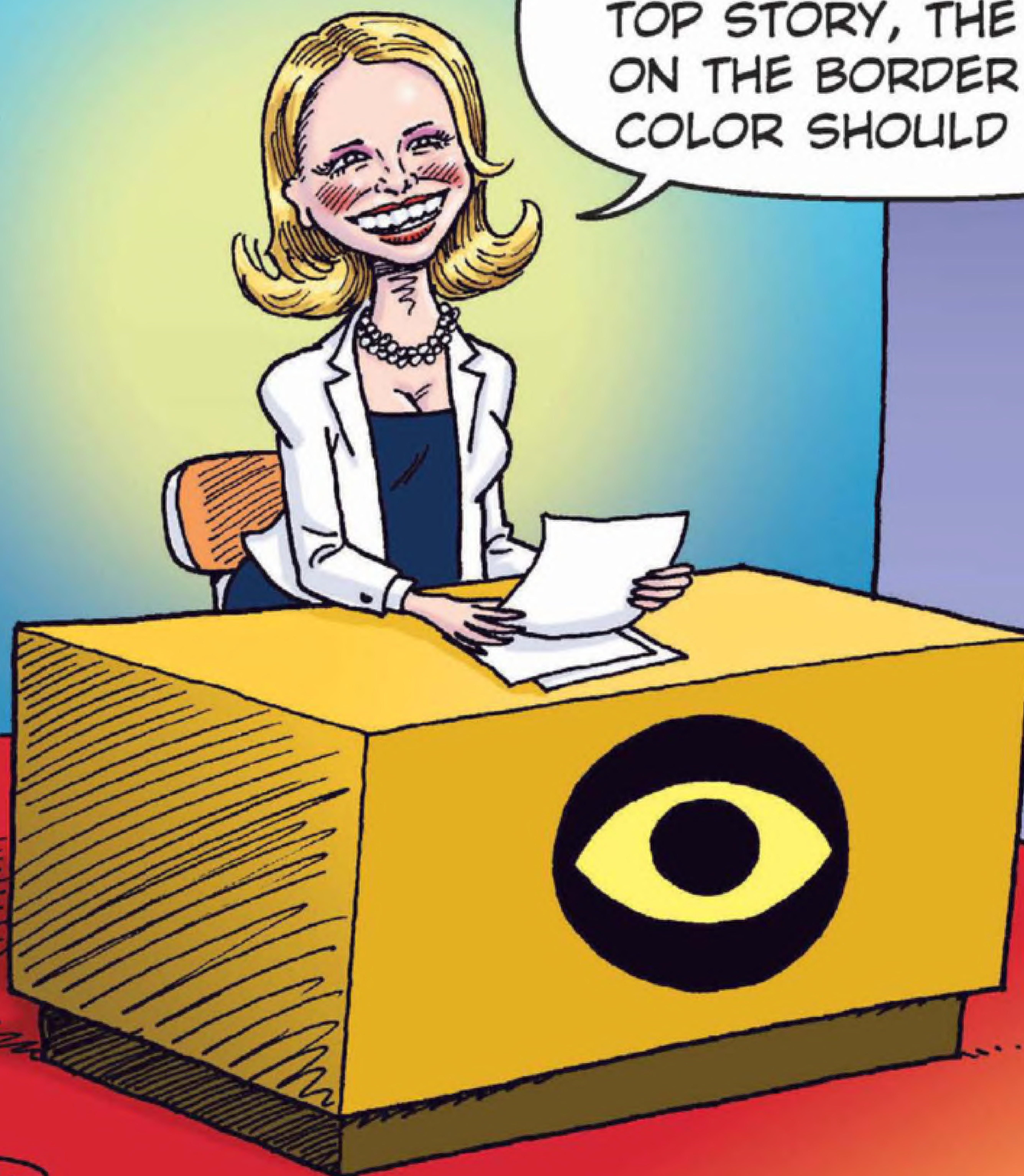
Yet, it is not too late. If only the media will rise from its slumber and produce a few new Woodwards and Bernsteins, if only a few leading members of Congress with the power to hold hearings and issue subpoenas will exercise their Constitutional obligation to hold the President responsible for his actions, the tide might turn towards accountability. After all, Nixon had been reelected by a massive landslide, not the razor-thin margin enjoyed by Bush—yet his imperial reign was brought to ground. That can happen again, but it will take a tough-minded media and an aroused public to make it happen.

As a result of Bush's hubris, the world that was almost universal in its support of America after 9/11 has been turned against us, and our national security is more threatened than ever. By insisting on invading oil-rich Iraq—which had nothing to do with the 9/11 attack—and embracing torture, Bush alienated the rest of the free world while providing the key recruiting poster for Islamic fanatics bent on our destruction. The deceit that has so weakened us needs to be fully exposed, and the hubris of this President held accountable. It could still happen, but only if the public demands it.

Pulitzer finalist Robert Scheer covered presidential politics for 30 years at the Los Angeles Times. He is the author of six books, including America After Nixon: The Age of the Multinationals and, most recently, Playing President. 

KATIE COURIC AND THE CBS EVENING CRAP THAT'S SUPPOSED TO TAKE OUR MINDS OFF WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING

GOOD EVENING, I'M
KATIE COURIC. TONIGHT'S
TOP STORY, THE FENCE
ON THE BORDER. WHAT
COLOR SHOULD IT BE?



Collins



Right on, Larry!

What Larry Flynt said in his *Publisher's Statement* "The Obscenity of War" (Holiday '06) is right on. The government has been hijacked by the Halliburtons, ExxonMobils, Lockheed Martins and all the rest of the American war machine that the idiot puppet, George Bush, represents. The resources of the United States could be used much more effectively for humanitarian purposes in Darfur and other places beset by massive hardship and tragedy, rather than for starting wars that profit self-serving corporations.

—John Feehan
Houston, Texas

Getting Hustled?

I want an explanation from my idol himself, Larry Flynt! Sir, why have you gotten greedy and raised the price of your magazine? It's so good to read HUSTLER again, but at \$10.99 a copy, I'm getting concerned. Give

me a call or stop by so I can take you out for a beer, and we can discuss this. —D.C.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Left Out!

The evolution of HUSTLER is a joke. The magazine once had a great selection of beautiful women and articles of interest to all. Now it has shifted far to the left. There is a glut of cartoons ridiculing the Right, editorials condemning the Bush Administration and far too many opinion articles attacking the Republican Party. I am sure that Democrats aren't HUSTLER's only readers. I strongly urge you to get back to your original tone, or you will risk losing many readers. I am seriously considering canceling my subscription.

—A. Baker
Bonita Springs, Florida

We'll miss you, Mr. Baker, but you'll miss us more!

HUSTLER Rocks!

I recently received the October '06 issue of HUSTLER, which I read religiously. As usual, it was very good—but wait! What's this?! On page 108, lo and behold, the *Aural Pleasures* section has an article on fucking Godsmack! You fucking rock beyond belief! I've been a fan of Godsmack since the very start of their career.

Crissy Moran



I am a younger reader of your magazine, and I have noticed a recent trend: You actually have good taste in the bands you write about. You guys don't just follow stupid one-hit wonder pop groups. Leave those to glossy, airbrush magazines like *Playboy*.

You guys make me very proud to be a reader. Every month, the entire magazine just gets better and better. Long live HUSTLER, Larry Flynt and the USA! —J.P.
Bay, Arkansas

Crissy Da Bomb!

I just want to send my thanks for all of the beautiful women

pictured in HUSTLER Magazine. One standout who comes to mind is porn star Crissy Moran, your December '06 covergirl and centerfold. Thank you, Ladi von Jansky, for a great layout.

Meanwhile, I'd love to see Crissy in action, but the accompanying story failed to mention any of her videos. Could you list a few? —C.T.

Morristown, Tennessee

Crissy Moran's XXX videos, as well as those of most performers in the biz, are listed at the Internet Adult Film Database (iafd.com).

Courtney Cummz

Your December '06 issue gives readers more reasons to rejoice. Laurent Sky seems to have reinvented the fine art of photographing naked women. Sky's explicit pictorials are stunning—his subjects literally oozing sexuality in every picture.

His Courtney Cummz layout was easily December's best. Page after page captured magnificent views of the doll, whose perfectly tanned body is a joy to jerk off to.

Bring Courtney back any time you like—solo, cock-sucking or fucking. Your action-packed, sex-filled layouts draw (continued on page 199)



Courtney Cummz, a solo model in the December '06 HUSTLER, took on a partner for a May '05 layout.

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

**The candid revelations
of three housewives and
one guy seeking fun and
excitement on live chat lines.**

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is

a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm



"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".



Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me \$1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

**No actresses
like other
chat lines.**

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** (1-800-943-3242) is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.



THE GANG WHO COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT, THINK
STRAIGHT, STAND UP STRAIGHT OR KEEP ITS
LIES STRAIGHT.

baskin **BR** robbins

Under New Management.

When you think of us you think of 31 flavors of delicious ice cream. Even though the Carlyle Group now owns us we will continue that rich and creamy tradition. Don't worry about the fact that they have questionable ties to both Saudi Arabian investors (with terrorist connections) and the Bush family. Or that they were the corporation behind the shady Dubai ports deal. It won't affect your ice cream. It's not like we finance and support suicide bombers. Okay, sure some money may make it into their hands but what can we do? Besides, if the Bush clan doesn't have a problem with it (they'll all major partners in the group), why should you? Just shut up and enjoy your ice cream.



HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how the Carlyle Group (owners of Baskin-Robbins, Dunkin' Donuts, Togo's) and their shady Saudi investors may be funneling cash to terrorist's activities. For more info: www.carlylegroup.net

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Michelle Malkin, the Filipino-American Ann Coulter, has ended up where all talentless media freaks are welcome: the Fox News network, as a guest pundit. A neofascist whose IQ test would probably have to be calculated in negative integers, Malkin seems to take pleasure in exploiting tragedy.

"Hang the terrorists at Gitmo" is a typical rant. She's also said, "It wouldn't hurt my feelings if we nuked Mecca, got all the filthy Muslims out of their mosques and burned them all to the ground." Malkin exemplifies the worst of American values. Despite having a lifetime pass on the short bus, she really believes that she is a superior human being.

We've got news for ya, Michelle: You are a superior asshole, but that's about all.

Malkin once dreamed of becoming a concert pianist, but failed miserably. "I realized I couldn't cut it with piano," she told *National Review Online*. Now the second-rate hack is failing again—as a "journalist."

In 1992, after graduating from Oberlin College, the then-Michelle Maglalang nabbed her first gig. The *Los Angeles Daily News* brought the novice onboard to pen innocuous columns about personal responsibility and the need for smaller government.

A year later she wed college sweetheart Jesse Malkin, a neocon who would become her mentor. Michelle's repugnant evolution from moderate columnist to hard-right bitch had begun.

In 1996 Malkin moved on to the *Seattle Times*, eventually realizing she could gain the public spotlight by being flamboyant and outrageous. In one rancid diatribe she accused Washington State's Democratic attorney general of corruption



Michelle Malkin

but never bothered to contact his office. It turned out her allegations were unfounded. Not long after, Malkin left the paper, but she didn't need to be concerned.

Syndicated since 1999, her factually inaccurate columns were delighting conservative Americans from coast to coast. Soon Malkin was fronting for the conservative Heritage Foundation and frequently showing up as an "analyst" on such Fox News programs as *The O'Reilly Factor* and *Hannity & Colmes*.

In 2004 the once-almost-attractive but rapidly aging Malkin exposed herself as an "Aunt Thomasina"—a sellout and a traitor to her race—with the poorly researched book *In Defense of Internment*. Here, Malkin claimed that the incarceration of some 70,000 Asian-American citizens during World War II was a "military necessity."

Experts have concluded that the tome is nothing more than a pathetic attempt to stir up controversy. Despite her Filipino ancestry, Malkin included plenty of racist vitriol, yet little actual documentation. Sure, the best-seller made Malkin a household name, but c'mon. Had a white man been the author, he would have been crucified as a racist.

The self-loathing gook (how's it feel, Michelle?) wouldn't have it any other way. Thriving on the controversy she creates, Malkin vehemently defended the Minuteman "border protection" project even though the participants are primarily white separatists, Ku Klux Klansmen and neo-Nazis. In fact, immigration has become one of Malkin's pet topics.

Did Malkin, who has labeled Hispanic critics "Latino supremacists," forget that her parents are

Filipino immigrants? Granted work visas, the Maglalangs settled down in the Philadelphia area in 1970. Dad (later a Reagan Republican) strived to become a doctor, while her Roman Catholic mom was a teacher.

Now daughter Michelle leads the crusade to stop foreigners from entering this country, establishing herself as a bona fide banana—yellow on the outside, white on the inside.

Nobody is safe from Malkin's venom. In her biweekly columns, she claims the American way of life is under attack, threatened by evil liberals out to change the world. Her fiery commentary takes aim at such Progressive causes as protection of the environment and affirmative action.

Let's take a page from other racists of your ilk, shall we, Michelle? If you don't like it here, go back to where your people came from! In fact, those bigoted Minutemen that you support might be very happy to escort you.

A few months ago Malkin was in the news for disclosing the names, phone numbers and e-mail addresses of several University of California, Santa Cruz students who had protested the war in Iraq. Even after the kids were subjected to death threats and abuse, the blogger continued to post their info on her Web site.

It looks to us as if the talking head likes to play dirty. Well, two can play that game, bitch! Here's Michelle Malkin's most recent address: 19930 Wild Cherry Lane, Germantown, MD 20874. Go to OnePeoplesProject.com for her latest phone number. (It seems to change constantly.)

We encourage our readers to order take-out from her.

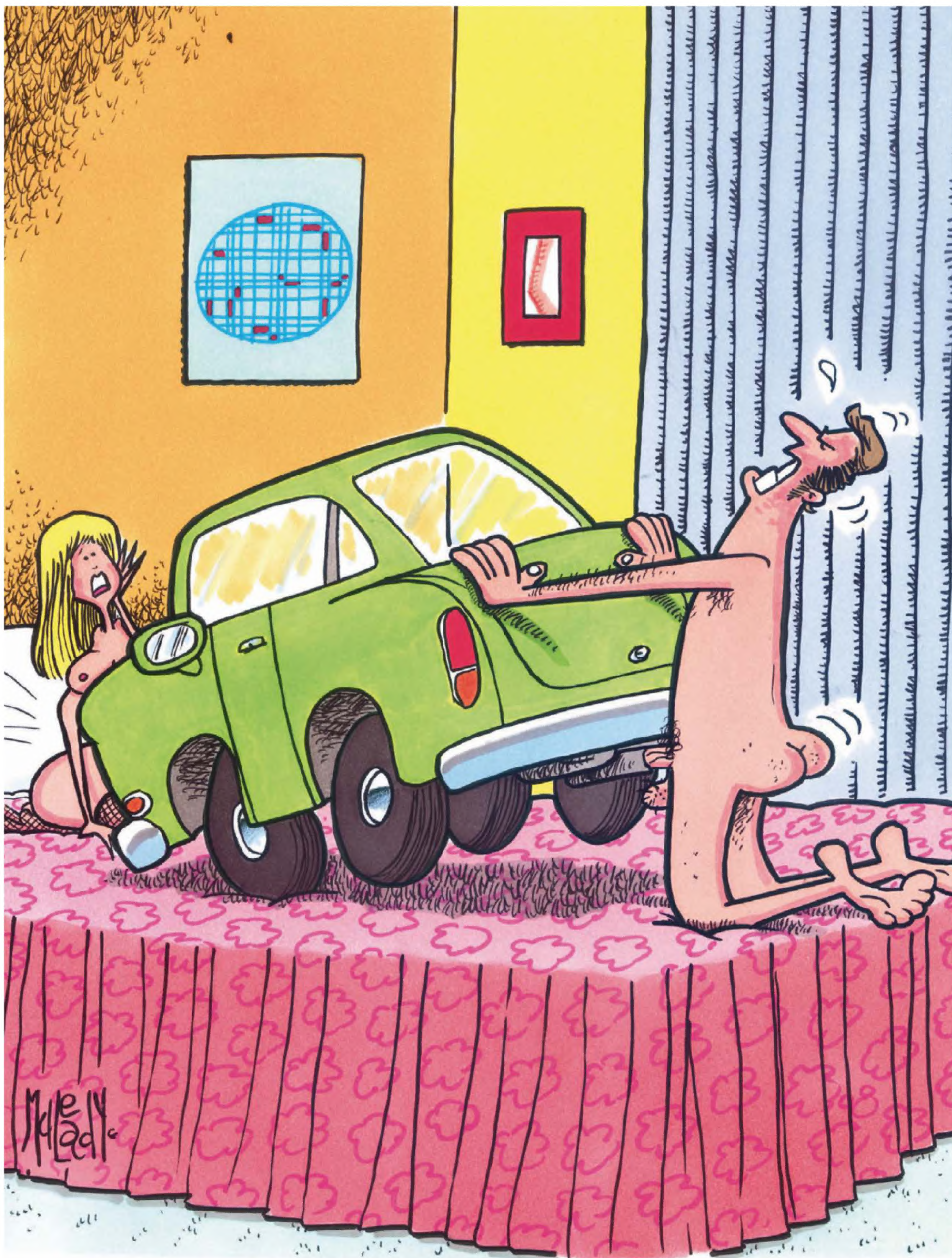
Farts in the Wind

Pope Benedict XVI infuriated Muslims worldwide by delivering a speech that quoted a medieval emperor's negative take on the founder of Islam. It seems this idiot Catholic *wants* to start a holy war. Not surprising. Born Joseph Alois Ratzinger, the pontiff has

been linked to the Hitler Youth while growing up in Germany, has obstructed sex-abuse inquiries of priests and decries gay marriage. When is this dinosaur gonna croak?

Bob Ney, the six-term Republican Congressman from Ohio, steadfastly denied

accepting bribes like trips, meals, sports ducats and casino chips from disgraced lobbyist Jack Abramoff. Well, Ney finally pled guilty to the charges, and prosecutors recommended he serve 27 months in prison. Don't drop the soap, Bobby! 🐷



"You never fuck me in the tailpipe anymore!"



Jenna Jameson



Winners galore



PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS



Ron Jeremy and Steve-O

Alektra Blue

Fame Is Fleeting

► **F.A.M.E.** (Fans of Adult Media & Entertainment) recently held its first annual awards show as part of the Erotica LA expo. Winners included Jenna Jameson (Favorite Adult Actress, Hottest Body); Alektra Blue and Brandy Talore (Rookie Starlets of the Year); Carmen Luvanna (Favorite Oral Starlet); Stormy (Favorite Breasts); Jenna Haze (Favorite Butt); Taylor Rain (Favorite Anal Starlet); and *Pirates* (Favorite Feature Movie). Remember, ladies, fame is fleeting. So put that handsome hardware on a shelf and get back to work. The porn is not going to make itself.



Jenna Haze

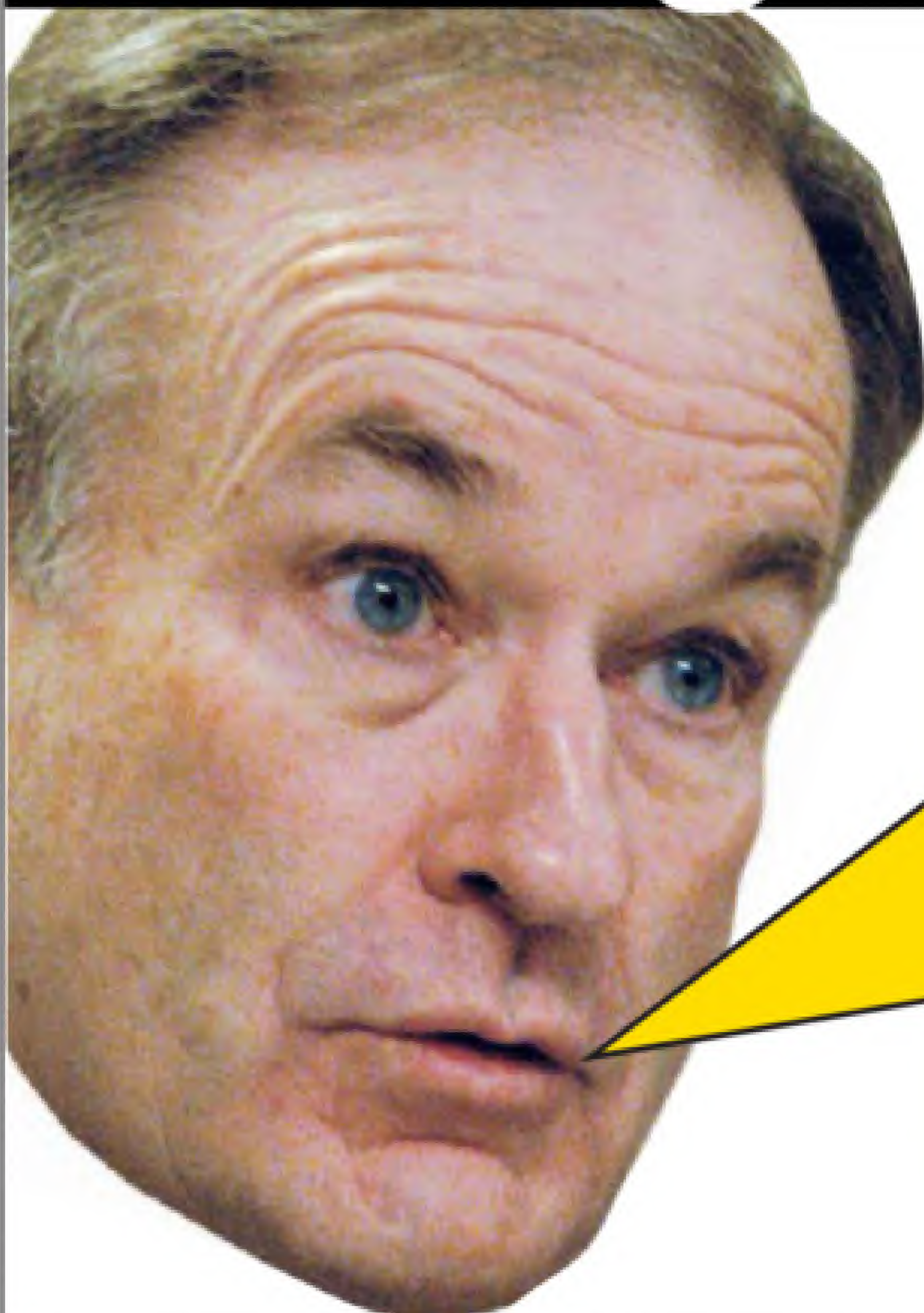


Pirates' Jesse Jane



Club Jenna delights

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately



O'Reilly looking for some love from Ann Coulter?

The thing I thought that was beyond the pale was saying [the 9/11 widows] enjoyed their husbands' demise. But here's the difference between Franken and Coulter: Coulter doesn't lie.

So what part of that she-male witch's bullshit was true again?

PORN FROM THE PAST



THANKS AND \$150 go to C.P. of Rutland, Vermont, for this "mouthwatering" photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER, "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Tori Spelling LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

HOW SAD that the poor little rich girl's TV executive dad died. No more acting work. No more fame. Worst of all, no more money. It seems Tori got only a measly \$1 million in the will. She must be really depressed and hurting. We hope a juicy johnson will ease some of her pain.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Tori Spelling actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.



SEX AS A WEAPON?

WHEN A VISUAL ARTS COLLEGE in New York City asked students to turn M16 assault rifles into "more pleasurable items" for its "Disarm...New Year, New Use" exhibit, Laurie Elyse knew what to do. The artist/dancer attached a phallic sex toy to the end of the barrel. After all, she figured, "What is more pleasurable than a vibrator?" Unfortunately, the gallery got gun-shy and only displayed her lurid creation behind a wall, along with a warning plaque. Check out the talented young lady's portfolio at LaurieElyse.com.

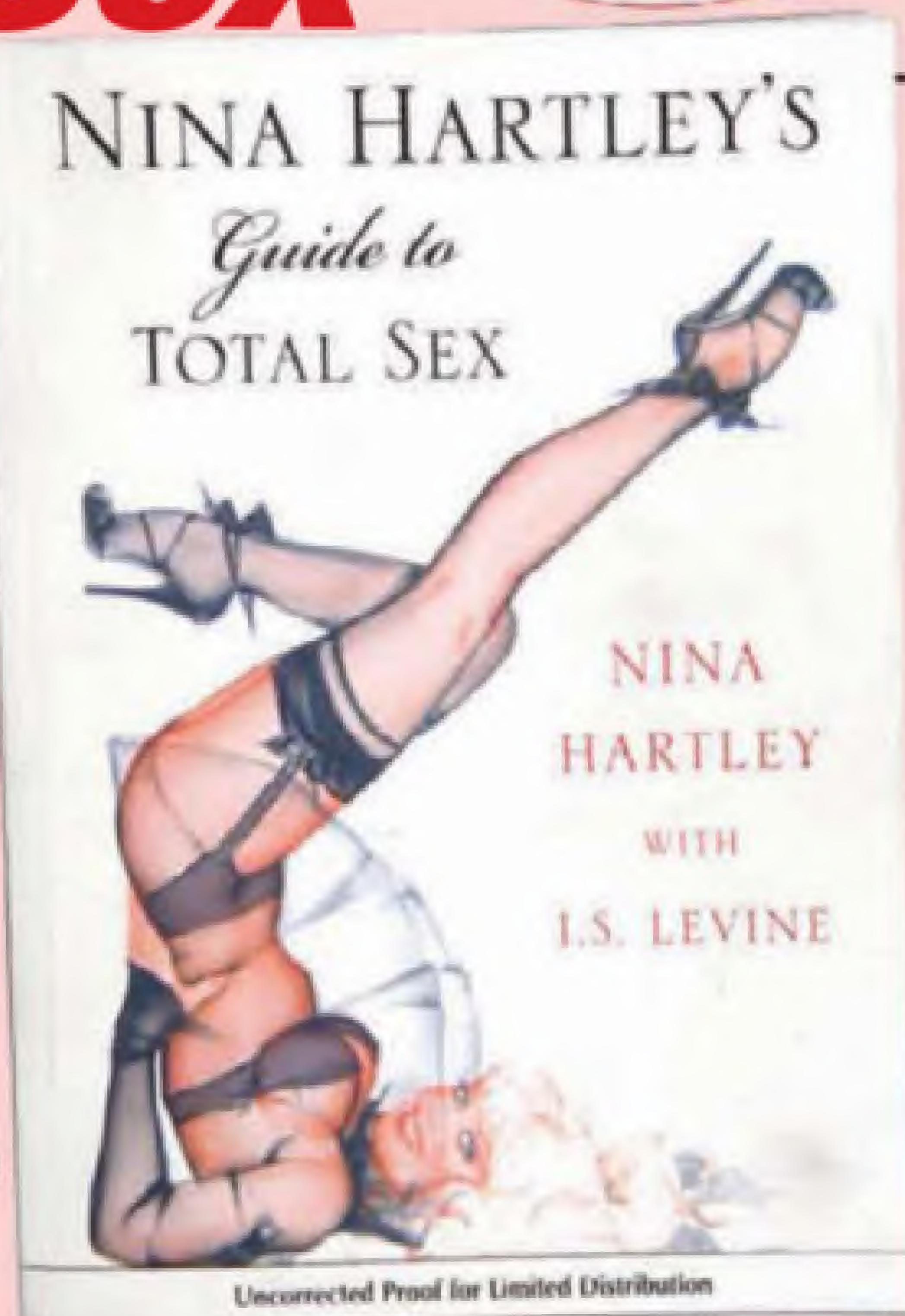


HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Nina Hartley's Guide to Total Sex



► **PORN GODDESS NINA HARTLEY** knows a little something about sex. Okay, that's an understatement. With a body of work (*ahem*) that spans several fuck-filled decades, she's now decided to share her vast knowledge in another book. Co-written by her husband, I.S. Levine, Hartley's latest literary endeavor covers everything you wanted to know about sex (and several facets you didn't know existed), but were afraid to ask. Available at bookstores everywhere.



Sign of the Times

► **IN THIS FAST-PACED WORLD**, there are a few things you may want to slow down for. Have you seen a funny sign? Snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, you'll get a signed check for a hundred bucks.

"Winning isn't everything. It's the only thing" —VINCE LOMBARDI, FOOTBALL COACH

NEWSBITES

Sticky Nut

A Croatian man got a nasty surprise after skinny-dipping in the sea off Valalta. Basking naked on a deck chair to dry off, the sun-worshiper noticed that his testicles were stuck in the slats. Seems his nuts had shrunk while in the cool water and then slipped into the crevice. Once his tiny testes warmed up, they swelled to normal size and became jammed. The immodest man was finally freed after beach maintenance cut the chair in half. A guy swimming nude and then sitting around outside in the raw? That took balls.

Tits for Hits

Every man dreams of having a threesome, and one English dude is just 4,750,000 Internet hits away from making that happen. A former cricket player has struck a deal with his 21-year-old girlfriend, who agreed to allow another chick into one of their sex sessions if his Web site attracted 5 million visitors. A threesome for an ungodly number of hits? We only had to hit on maybe seven women before we found one willing to add another gal to the mix. Then again, we work at HUSTLER.

His Penis Is the Bomb

When screeners at Chicago's O'Hare Airport discovered an odd-looking device in the baggage of a passenger bound for Turkey, they were baffled. So the snoops simply questioned the visibly nervous man, who told them it was a bomb. It turns out the mysterious black tube was part of a penis pump. So why the big lie? Because the timid fellow didn't want his mother, with whom he was traveling, to know about his sex toy. The poor guy now faces up to three years in a federal prison. That much time in the slammer should get a rise out of his limp dick.

Officer Down

A police officer in the sleepy town of Hugo, Oklahoma, was fired recently after an incriminating photo of him surfaced. What was so egregious about the snapshot? Oh, nothing really—just the cop engaging in "ticket avoidance sex" with a female driver. Turns out this practice is illegal and grounds for immediate dismissal. Wait! If fornicating with a motorist can cause a lawman to lose his job, then how is your mom ever going to get out of a speeding ticket again?

DISCOUNTED DEATH



CONSUMERS HEAD TO discount warehouse clubs like Costco for 42 pounds of pork loin, a couple of dozen light bulbs or industrial-size jars of mayonnaise. But caskets?!

Seen here is a real flyer picked up at a Costco outlet in Southern California. We wonder if a discount is provided for buying in bulk. If so, the Pentagon might be interested in buying some for soldiers killed in Iraq.



DOING the DOG

SOME PEOPLE LOVE THEIR PETS, and pets love them back. Other critters simply love each other. Thanks to HUSTLER reader R.J. for this shot of doggy 69.



"If it takes a bloodbath, let's get it over with." —RONALD REAGAN, U.S. PRESIDENT

PHOTO BY TOM FARRELL

HUSTLER contract girls Mya Luanna, Shy Love and Memphis Monroe (far right) hang with Eddie Van Halen.



Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love

IT WAS JUST ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT in the Hollywood Hills as rock legend Eddie Van Halen opened his house to 500 or so of his closest adult-entertainment pals. The party was to celebrate Van Halen's collaboration on the Ninn Works DVD *Sacred Sin*, for which he composed two songs. A gaggle of porn chicks showed up to party with the legendary guitarist, notably all three HUSTLER contract girls: Mya Luanna, Shy Love and Memphis Monroe. The bash culminated with a live performance by The Starfuckers, an all-star cover band featuring Dizzy Reid (Guns 'N Roses) on keyboards and Eric Dover (Jellyfish, Imperial Drag) on vocals. Eddie ultimately joined in, shredding the Van Halen classics "Eruption," "Panama" and "Jump," along with The Kinks' "You Really Got Me" and Billy Idol's "White Wedding." The unforgettable affair was filmed for a future DVD release, and did we mention that we got to party at Eddie Van Halen's house?!



PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

THE WORLD OF HUSTLER



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 HustlerClothingUS.com

"Money talks. The more money, the louder it talks." —ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN, MASTERMIND OF THE 1919 BLACK SOX SCANDAL



PUSSY GALORE!

HUSTLER BEST OF BEAVER HUNT always flies off the rack, so don't miss out on the latest edition—starring 2006 Finalist Ashley. To feast your eyes on naughty legal teens, smart-looking coeds, uninhibited 9-to-5ers and mesmerizing MILFS (including the mother-daughter duo of Juliet and Charissa), head to your favorite newsstands pronto!



That New Race Car Smell

HIGH-PERFORMANCE sports car manufacturer Lotus has released cologne, and no, it doesn't smell like an auto mechanic's ass. Named Lotus, the lemony fragrance is a top seller in England. Why do we care? Actually, we don't. We just needed an excuse to run a photo of super-model Joanna Krupa holding something.

IT'S A BUST!

IT MAY NOT BE ART, but it sure is something. Created by Daniel Edwards, this bust of former First Lady and current U.S. Senator Hillary Clinton was recently unveiled at the Museum of Sex in New York City. The sculptor previously stirred controversy by rendering songbird Britney Spears giving birth.



NEWS BABES



OUR LATEST OFFERING is Jessica Miles from Channel 5 Eyewitness News in Minneapolis. Thanks to R.G. for finding this beauty who makes great eye candy for hard-hitting stories.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to: HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o Bits & Pieces, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is printed here, you'll garner a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

HUSTLER
WILL NOT INTERVIEW
THE FOLLOWING
CELEBRITIES BECAUSE
THEY ARE DEAD.



KEN LAY
Ran out of energy.



SYD BARRET
Pink Floyd songwriter currently decomposing.



PATSY RAMSEY
Like daughter, like mother.



Ms. Jameson leads the way.



Dance, bitches!

JENNA'S HOUSE PARTY

WHEN YOU'RE THE BIGGEST NAME in adult entertainment, you never need a reason to party. Case in point: Jenna Jameson and her luscious ClubJenna Girls getting down and dirty at the Pangaea/Gryphon nightclub in Hollywood, Florida. The celebration featured wall-to-wall porn stars dancing and reveling till 5 in the morning. Wish you'd been there? So do we, but our invitation must have gotten lost in the mail.



Nice balloons, Sophia Rossi.



Mya Luanna and Memphis Monroe shake it in Florida too.

PHOTOS BY ROBERTO SANTIAGO



A.J. BAILEY

MAKING A SPLASH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT





A.J. BAILEY



Many of you have already seen A.J. Bailey in these pages, but you probably didn't recognize her. The statuesque newbie appeared completely nude and covered in body paint as a mime in our Slitoids parody ad (November '06). Afterward, the enthusiastic model drove away from the HUSTLER studios while wearing only flip-flops and a big smile. With such a carefree attitude and frivolous nature, we were confident she'd be back.

Months later, with this feature pictorial in the can, we reconnect. Fittingly, A.J. is once again on the move, but no longer needs to remain "mimely" silent. "I'm packing up my apartment as we speak," the funny lady huffs. "I'm moving to Scotland for a little while. I think there's some Gypsy blood in my veins that makes me move and travel so much." Why Scotland, we wonder. "I met this really cute guy," she explains, "and let's just say he has a lot going on under his kilt."

So what's in store when this comely lass is up for a serious boning? "Wow!" she exclaims. "I pretty much like it all, but my favorite position



is reverse cowgirl. That's when you ride a guy's cock while facing his feet. It gets me off in a big way. I also love the taste of cum. If I can't get a lover to shoot some into

my mouth, then I'm doing something wrong."

Wandering to her most intimate desires, A.J. sparkles: "My ultimate fantasy involves a rock star, three or so hot chicks, a fireplace, bottles and bottles of champagne, strawberries, a ton of lube and porn on the TV." Just three other hotties? "Okay, maybe more," A.J. reckons. "I love being bi and screwing around with chicks. The more the merrier!"

Does relocating mean that A.J. is leaving the skin biz for good? "Oh, I'll be back," she assures us. "I haven't done all I want to do in this industry yet. As long as it's fun and hot, I'm into it. Oh, yeah, I'll be back!"





A.J. BAILEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN

Granada Hills, California

AGE

27

BIRTH SIGN

Virgo

EYES

blue

HAIR

blond

HEIGHT

5-8

WEIGHT

125

MEASUREMENTS

34C-26-33











SEDUCTION IN THE CARDS

It was everything I had ever dreamed of— the perfect honeymoon. We were making love on a tropical beach in Aruba. A warm breeze brushed our bare skin, and the surf pounded rhythmically as background music.

Thomas was kissing his way down my body, taking his sweet time about it. He lingered over each breast, sucked my nipples achingly erect. Tonguing lines up and down my stomach, he moved steadily lower. Reaching my trimmed thatch of curls, he planted sucking kisses over the cleft. I held my breath, anticipating the feel of a tongue on my labes, but Thomas made me wait....

Yes, it was the perfect honeymoon in almost every way. You see, Thomas wasn't my husband. The guy I'd actually married, Al, was with the new love of his life, Caribbean stud poker. The morning after

we'd officially consummated our vows, he dashed off to the hotel's casino. By dinnertime he'd won around \$7,000. As the chips piled up, Al was hooked. I might as well have been a widow.

I'd known Al all my life. High school sweethearts, we went off to the same college, and I guess everyone—including myself—expected us to go down the aisle. He was the only man I had ever made love to and the only person I'd ever wanted to know me in the biblical sense. That is, until Thomas found me.

I was moping around by the pool, tracing lazy figure eights in the water with one foot, when the most handsome black man I had ever seen sat down close beside me. At first he didn't say a word, just nudged his thigh against mine. I swear, I could feel an electrical charge.

When the gentleman introduced himself, his Caribbean accent thrilled me. It wasn't long before we were drinking exotic rum concoctions out of coconuts. Thomas's constant compliments had me feeling beautiful and sexy. It wasn't that I'd forgotten about Al, but after a few cocktails I got to thinking, *Fuck it! I'm*

going to have some fun too. And Thomas's low, rumbling voice, his strong, glistening chest, his big hands and muscular thighs—*mmmm*, they got to me.

We took off for a stroll down the beach—harmless enough, really, until Thomas kissed me, and a hunger welled up inside me unlike anything I had ever known. I practically tackled him to the sand and tugged at his shorts, and that's when the ebony Adonis took control.

His hands beneath my ass, Thomas was finally tonguing my fat pussy folds, lapping from my rosebud to my love button. Sex with Al had never been like this. My clit was literally pulsing, and my nipples tingled as well. The second Thomas's tongue slipped inside me, I was coming. Damn, so this was what an orgasm was like—powerful, all-consuming. My world stood still, then exploded!

Thick fingers pushed inside me as Thomas's mouth moved up to my clit. He sucked the nubbin hard, and I was climaxing again. This was good!

As soon as my climax ebbed, all I could think of was pleasing my new lover, but Thomas insisted that I just lie back and enjoy. I watched him pull off his shorts, revealing his long, thick, magnificent cock. I was panting, I wanted it so badly, and he quickly obliged.

In one long, smooth lunge, his hard-on jammed nuts-deep into my juicy cunt. Right from the start he was boning me fast, wonderfully filling my twat. Wrapping my legs around his back, I met him thrust for thrust. I felt like an animal—wild, crazed, gasping for air.

I had more climaxes than I thought possible—trembling, bucking my hips, lapping at the sweat on Thomas's chest. I could tell he was about to come soon, but I didn't make him pull out. I wanted to feel his sperm deep inside me, and it felt fuckin' glorious! So warm.

It was dark by the time I sauntered back to the honeymoon suite, and I was just stepping out of the shower when Al finally showed up. I welcomed hubby with a loving kiss and told him I wanted to return to Aruba every year, for our wedding anniversary.

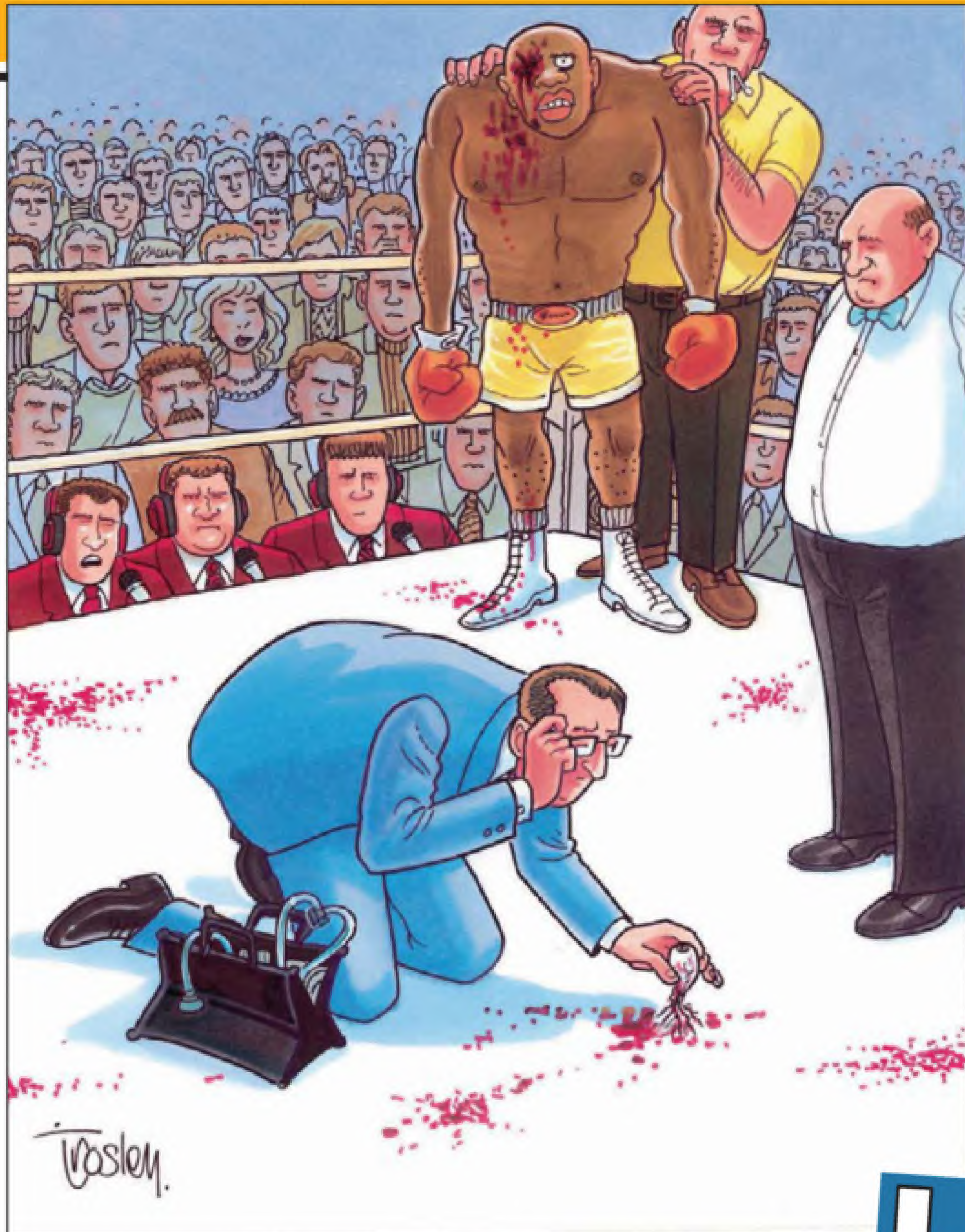
—D.A.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



"And watch this, guys! I didn't warn the wife I was gonna come in her mouth—and the jizz shoots out of her nose!"

Send your personal sexperiences to
HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Blvd.,
Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. ☎



"Looks like the ref wants the doctor to take another look at the champ's eye!"

HISTORICAL DRESSES DURING PRESIDENTIAL TRAGEDIES.

MARY TODD LINCOLN



JACQUELINE KENNEDY



MONICA LEWINSKY



Miley

HUSTLER
CLASSIC
CARTOONS



"Guess who!"



GAME ON

DREAMING OF ONIMUSHA

Onimusha: Dawn of Dreams, Capcom's latest entry in its award-winning **Onimusha** franchise, features unbelievable graphics, a new fighting system and new expansive environments that give a fresh look to this incredible action RPG. Set in the Far East in a martial arts milieu, **Onimusha** places you in charge of a hero bent on thwarting the forces of evil—that means plenty of colorful artists that you get to kick the crap out of in an elegant and unforgettable fighting system.



WWII—THE BIG ONE

Don't light up for this one—you're going to need all of your senses and wits to play the award-winning strategic PC game **Gary Grigsby's World at War**, from Matrix and 2by3games. **GG's WaW** places you at the helm of one of five superpowers, allowing you to command armies, manage factories and supplies, either against other players or a challenging computer AI. The game provides you with four WWII scenarios playable in 38 different countries. There are 15 different unit types encompassing air, sea and land. There's even weather effects, which makes playing Russia a good bet. Highly recommended.

FOREPLAY WITH XAVIX

We'd all love to spend more time on the links, and with **XaviX Golf**, you can hit the virtual greens come rain or shine. The XaviX port is a unique game console that employs infrared motion detector technology that allows you to emulate sporting activities. **XaviX Golf** arms you with two interfaces—a driver and a putter, and then sets you into a virtual golf course. Using its swing sensor, the XaviX system mirrors your motions—swinging when you swing, putting when you putt. Your motions are read by the sensor, and the results appear on the screen as if you really hit the ball. The game allows you to play on an 18-hole virtual golf course, or you can take a hole-in-one challenge. Play with three buddies or face off against the system.



FIVE GREAT GAMES TO PLAY WHEN YOU'RE STONED

Let's be honest—there are hordes of people out there who light up and play, and when you're bootin a doojie, you don't want to reach for a game where you have to memorize

twenty keypad commands or study the play manual like it's a college exam. So here're five games you can sink your thumbs into when you're not able to get into the complexities of a game that requires you go back to college to learn to play it.

Sony's **LocoRoco** is the most adorable thing to come out of Japan since **Sailor Moon**. The game puts you in charge of cute creatures called LocoRoco that sing funny little songs that are funnier than **Shonen Knife** and are armed with catchier tunes. Simple, addictive and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Your primary controls are the LEFT and RIGHT buttons on the PSP (the only system that hosts **LocoRoco**) which you use to roll your LocoRoco (after you've rolled your loco motta) through obstacles and pathways. All the while, you're being entertained by some of the funniest music you've ever heard.

Sony's revamped **Lemmings** for PS2 and PSP lets you take the experience on the road. You're in charge of a group of cuddly lem-

mings that you must guide through perils such as spike pits, lava traps, cliffs, etc. There're 150 colorful levels,

cool tunes and lots of humorous puzzles that don't require buckets of brain activity.

Namco's **Katamari** series follows the

same path. This time, you have to roll a large ball around a series of areas (bedrooms, playrooms, outdoors, etc.) and pick things up. That's it. And the music, which rivals **LocoRoco**, sounds like it came out of a

Japanese game show. It sounds deceptively simple, but the **Katamari** series is as utterly addictive as it is mindless. Great fun. We recommend the version for PS2.

Here's a blast from the past—**Mario Kart 64** for the **Nintendo 64** allows you and three of your lit-up buddies to enjoy the colorful graphics and funky tunes as you race around track after track dodging banana peels and tortoise shells. Hours and hours of racing fun that will keep your butt planted firmly on the sofa, and out of real traffic.

Another blast from the past—and we mean "blast" for this one: **ID Software's** classic shooters, **Doom** and **Doom II**, the two ultimate frag games. You'll spend days in a daze enjoying the mindless killing, blood-spattered old-school graphics, mon-

strous sound effects and blazing techno. Just point and shoot! You can get **Doom I** and **II** from idsoftware.com, or on **Ultimate Doom** for Xbox (**Ultimate Doom** contains the three original **DOOM** episodes—the first of which was shareware—plus a new fourth episode called "Thy Flesh Consumed") or through a recently added downloadable version from **Xbox Live Arcade**, which is **Ultimate Doom** developed for Xbox 360 with added enhancements. This includes allowing people to play 4-player co-op or death match over Xbox Live.

Needless to say, any old-school games like **Joust**, **Pac-Man**, **Battlezone**, etc., fit the bill. Many gaming companies, like **Taito**, **Capcom**, **Midway** and more, have released their classics for modern consoles like Xbox. But if you *really* want the ultimate old-school arcade gaming experience, invest in the **X-Arcade Machine 2.0**, which packs in 190 classic video games.





WHAT IS IT,
LASSIE?
WHAT'S
WRONG?

DONALD RUMSFELD HAS
TOTALLY MISMANAGED THE
WAR FROM DAY ONE, AND
BUSH HAS LOST IT! HE'S
UNABLE TO FIRE HIM!

BARK!

BARK!

BARK!

Collins

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Is this the same man? McVeigh in custody (left) in 1996 and the Camp Grafton "parts clerk" (right) in 1993.



*McVeigh at a 1995 meeting
with his attorneys.*

NEW OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING EVIDENCE: WAS THERE A GOVERNMENT COVERUP?

PREVIOUSLY UNSEEN PHOTOS OF TIMOTHY MCVEIGH AND NEWLY RELEASED FBI DOCUMENTS PROVE THE U.S. GOVERNMENT CONCEALED KEY EVIDENCE IN THE 1995 OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING.

STARTLING NEW EVIDENCE has blown a hole in the FBI's official theory about the blast that destroyed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City and killed at least 168 people.

HUSTLER has obtained previously unseen video footage showing convicted and executed bomber Timothy McVeigh undergoing military training in 1993—at a time when the FBI claims he had no military affiliations.

In Utah a judge issued a ruling in 2006 stating that the FBI had documented foreknowledge of McVeigh's movements and of the April 19, 1995 attack. The ruling has prompted two U.S. Congressmen—Republicans Henry Hyde of Illinois and Dana Rohrabacher of California—to call for new hearings and for the release of suppressed FBI documents.

The new evidence raises chilling questions: What would McVeigh have been doing at a military training center less than two years prior to the bombing? How could the FBI not have known about his presence there if it had been tracking McVeigh and his fellow extremists?

The FBI's investigation of the bombing has been controversial from day one. After initially considering several

suspects, the agency abruptly dropped important leads. It ignored evidence and witness statements regarding the "others unknown" referred to in the original indictment of McVeigh. Government investigators and prosecutors opted to construct a case against McVeigh as a lone bomber. They then actively covered up or disregarded anything that might have contradicted their case. For the FBI and the mainstream media, the story of the Oklahoma City bombing ended with the execu-

tion of McVeigh by lethal injection on June 11, 2001.

But independent researchers seeking the whole truth have since uncovered a mountain of evidence excluded from the official story.

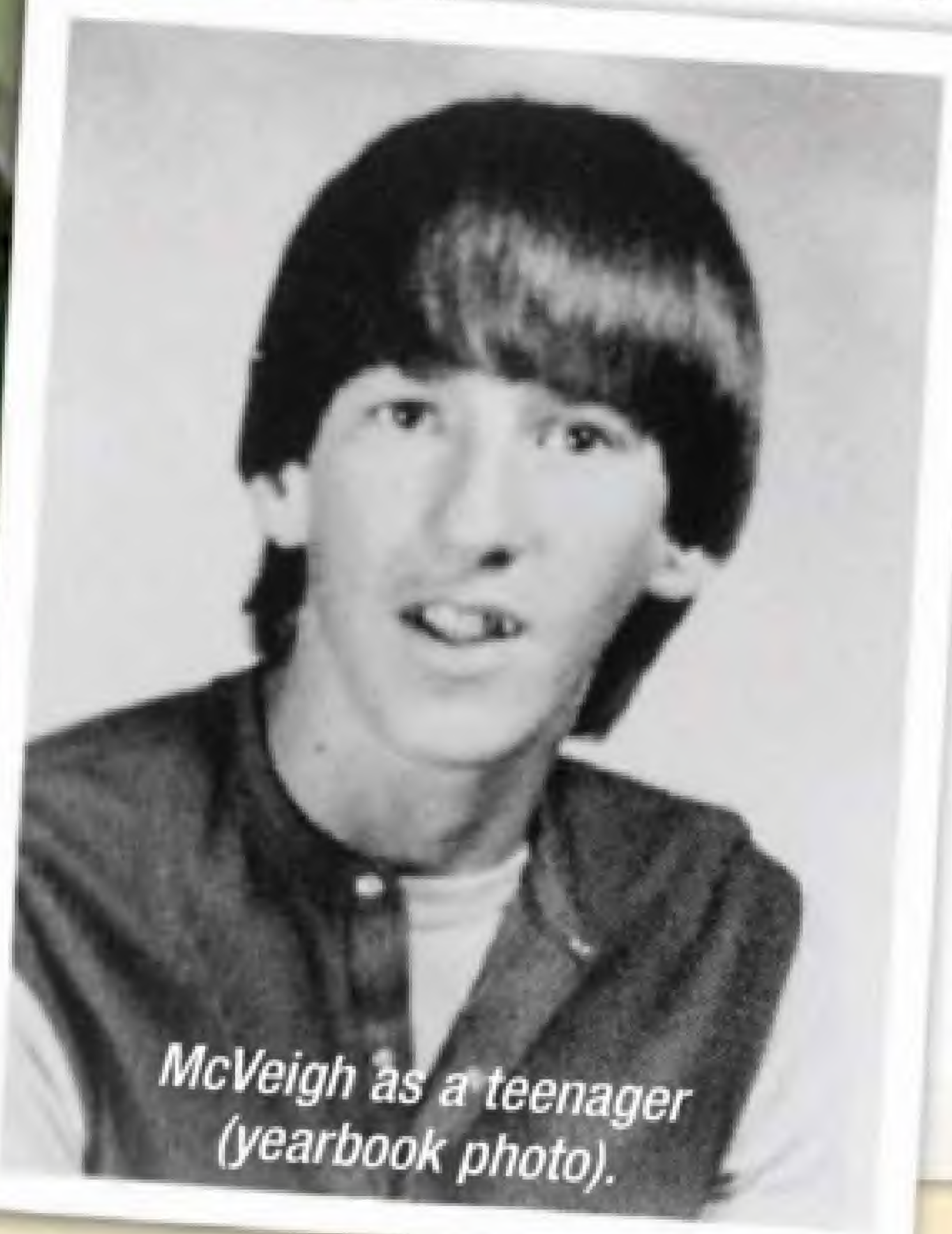
The most comprehensive independent investigation to date remains the review undertaken by the Oklahoma City Bombing Investigation Committee (OKCBombing.org), which published its final report in 2001. The committee was composed of four highly respected Oklahomans, including former state Representative Charles Key (who was, at press time, well on track toward regaining his seat in the midterm elections).

The OKBIC's exhaustive research led it to conclude that McVeigh's activities prior to the bombing had not been adequately investigated or explained. Noting the "others unknown," the group also determined that McVeigh and his convicted accomplice, Terry Nichols, were not the only persons knowingly involved in the crime. McVeigh's defense lawyer, Stephen Jones, had previously reached the same conclusion and has told HUSTLER he still maintains that view.

According to Key, "There is overwhelming evidence that many of those guilty of involvement in the Oklahoma bombing have gone unpunished."

"JUST A PARTS CLERK"

On August 3, 1993—about 18 months before the Oklahoma City bombing—Chicago-based screenwriter William Bean was scouting locations at Camp Grafton, North Dakota, for a movie project he was pitching to Hollywood executives. While videotaping various areas of the remote Army National Guard training base, he happened to capture on tape—for about 15 seconds—a young soldier re-parking and servicing a military transport vehicle. Bean's voice can be heard asking him what he does. The soldier, who clearly tries to avoid being filmed, answers, "I'm just a parts clerk."



McVeigh as a teenager
(yearbook photo).

Bean says that he didn't know what he had until years after the bombing, when he was showing the footage to a friend, who noticed that the "parts clerk" looked eerily familiar.

Professional face and voice analyses of Bean's tape have since lent overwhelming credence to the view that the young soldier depicted is none other than Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh. The militant would have been 25 years old at the time.

The authenticity of Bean's tape has been verified by independent examinations. In addition to confirmation that Bean was shooting at Camp Grafton on the day in question, analyses of McVeigh's face and voice characteristics have further bolstered the new evidence.

Dr. Michael Blomgren, a voice-analysis specialist at the University of Utah's Department of Communication Services and Disorders, has run the tape's audio through a series of tests. According to Blomgren, comparisons with known recordings of McVeigh's voice show a near-perfect match, with the same distinctive voice characteristics occurring in both samples. Blomgren's tests resulted in "positive identification," making it almost certain that the man in the footage is McVeigh.

Visual analysis of the tape, which was slightly hampered because it was a duplicate, has also resulted in authentication. (Bean alleges that the original cassette was stolen from his car.) The tape is time-stamped "3 Aug 93," with no evidence of tampering. There is also clear consistency of picture detail from shot to shot.

McVeigh's defense lawyer, Stephen Jones, told HUSTLER that he considers the resemblance between the "parts clerk" and McVeigh "close," but remains "skeptical."

Having viewed a copy of Bean's tape, Charles Key and other OKBIC members are convinced it shows McVeigh at Camp Grafton in 1993. "This is an important piece of evidence," Key announced, "and opens a new avenue of further investigation."

The entire sequence of stills from Bean's footage can be seen at LarryFlynt.com.



McVeigh consults with attorneys Stephen Jones (right) and Robert Nigh.

"DEMOLITIONS TRAINING"

In response to questions from HUSTLER, North Dakota National Guard Press Officer Rob Keller confirmed that demolitions is part of reservists' Engineer Military Occupational Specialty (MOS) regimen at Camp Grafton, which is classified as a Regional Training Institute. Keller said that a search of records at Camp Grafton was conducted upon our request.

Keller replied via e-mail: "We have no record of McVeigh, or any of his aliases, being at the RTI or NDMA [North Dakota Military Academy], especially during the time frame you indicated." Note the strange use of the qualifier *especially*. How could McVeigh be *especially* not there during a particular time period? Keller declined to divulge if the FBI or another agency had investigated the possibility of McVeigh's presence at Camp Grafton. The press officer also declined to further respond to the photographic proof obtained by HUSTLER.

In reply to our inquiries about explosives that may have been absconded in the summer of '93, Keller stated that inventories showed no anomalies. "The NDMA and RTI have no record of any munitions coming up missing or

stolen," he wrote.

The timeline of McVeigh's movements as compiled by his defense team was largely the result of their client's own often-contradictory statements. It is well documented that McVeigh lied or changed his story to fit the government's version of events. In light of new photographic evidence, it is likely that McVeigh invented stories to cloud his actual whereabouts and who was aiding his movements.

In one of his strangest claims, McVeigh wrote to his sister in 1993 that military intelligence agents had approached him about joining an elite squad of "government-paid assassins." This seemingly delusional contention has never been explained.

But even if McVeigh had been telling the truth about his movements, the Bean footage is still relevant: The date fits neatly into a previously unexplained gap in 1993, during which the FBI maintains it has no idea where McVeigh was.

The FBI declined to respond to any of HUSTLER's questions concerning the case, saying the agency "would not be able to provide an FBI spokesperson."

MCVEIGH TIMELINE

According to this timeline of McVeigh's movements—compiled from FBI and defense-team sources—the convicted bomber's presence at North Dakota's Camp Grafton fits into an unexplained gap during which he was supposedly traveling throughout the U.S.

1986 Graduates from Starpoint Central High School in Lockport, NY.

1988 Enters military at age 20; basic training at Fort Benning, GA; assigned to 1st Infantry Division, Fort Riley, KS.

1991 Serves as

gunner in Persian Gulf War; awarded several medals.

Mid 1991 Tries out for Special Forces; drops out. McVeigh claimed he was ordered into elite training at Fort Bragg, NC, and asked to join secret

assassination squad.

Late 1991 Allegedly leaves military. Joins National Guard near Buffalo, NY. Works for Burns Security.

Summer 1992 Seen by witnesses in Kansas in the company of

extremists Andreas Strassmeier and Michael Brescia.

Early 1993 Quits Burns Security job; begins traveling state to state; attends gun shows, selling anti-government literature and survival items.

"OTHERS UNKNOWN"

Another major breakthrough in the independent investigation of the Oklahoma City bombing came shortly after Bean brought his footage to HUSTLER.

On March 29, 2006, Utah Federal Court Judge Dale A. Kimball issued a ruling stating that more individuals were involved in the bombing than the FBI has admitted and that the FBI had an informant planted with McVeigh. Additional documents obtained by HUSTLER after Kimball's ruling indicate that at least four others were connected to the plot.

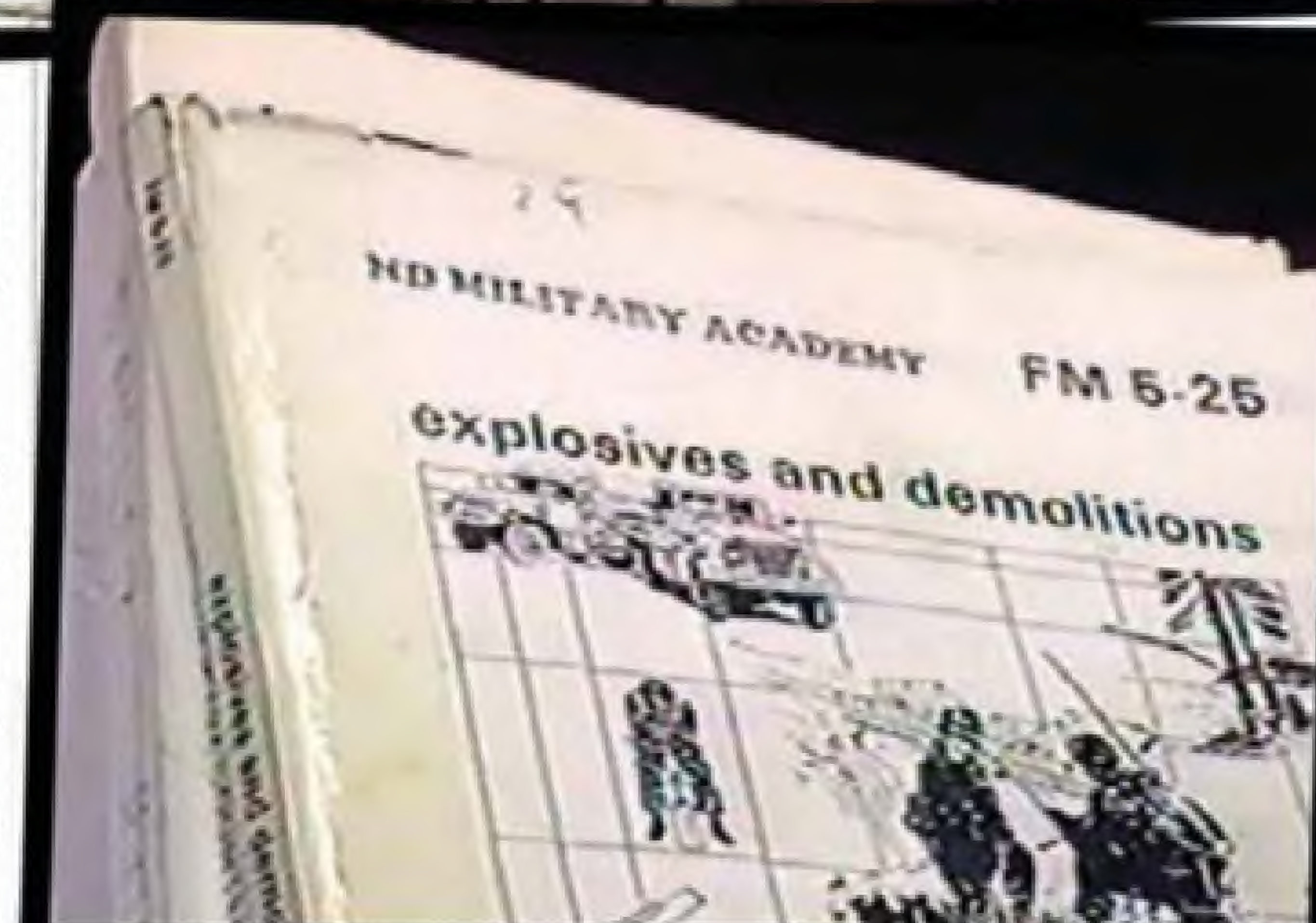
Judge Kimball's ruling resulted from the case of Kenneth Trentadue, a suspect who supposedly killed himself in prison despite being held in a suicide-proof cell. Trentadue's older brother Jesse, a civil attorney, alleges that the FBI tortured his brother to death while trying to link him to the bombing.

After obtaining heavily redacted (blacked-out) files showing the FBI had at least one informant close to McVeigh, Jesse Trentadue took the FBI to court, seeking full disclosure.

The judge's revelations are based on unredacted files subpoenaed from the FBI. According to his ruling, the "document indicates there was an undercover operative in with Timothy McVeigh and members of the various militia groups who aided and supported McVeigh."

Further documents show that as early as January 1995, the Southern Poverty Law Center—a civil-rights law firm that tracks right-wing extremists—had an informant or informants inside the Oklahoma white-supremacist compound known as Elohim City. These moles were passing information along to the FBI, including details about the Oklahoma City bombing plot.

A heavily redacted FBI teletype from the day of the blast indicates that the FBI was previously aware of explosives training being conducted at Elohim City. The document also shows that an associate of McVeigh's—ostensibly an FBI "cooperating witness"—had been in phone contact with McVeigh on April 5, 1995, two weeks



From Bean's 1993 footage: Camp Grafton classroom where demolitions instruction was being conducted (top) and Army manuals for trainees.

before the bombing. According to the document, this was around the time the associate "backed out of the plans to bomb the federal building."

In other words, the FBI knew about the plot up until at least April 5. If the FBI knew this much, they likely also had a good idea of who was conspiring with McVeigh. Could these associates be the "others unknown" referred to in the original indictment?

The government alleged that McVeigh carried out the actual bombing alone, but witness statements suggest otherwise. According to an Associated Press dispatch that emerged during the Terry Nichols trial, the U.S. Secret Service reported six days after the attack that "security video tapes from the area show the truck deto-

nation three minutes and six seconds after the suspects exited the truck." Notice that *suspects* is pluralized. Despite this statement from an official government source, the FBI has stuck to its implausible denial of the existence of surveillance tapes.

Bombing victim Daina Bradley testified at McVeigh's trial that she also saw two men leave the truck, and several other witnesses have gone on record saying they saw men fitting the descriptions of John Does #1 and #2 at or around the Murrah Building just before its destruction. Some witnesses remembered seeing fully outfitted bomb-squad agents near the building in the early morning hours prior to the bombing.

And then there's what may be the most bizarre detail of this case—the extra leg. As McVeigh's attorney details in his book *Others Unknown*, forensic pathologists identifying victims ended up with an extra left leg that didn't belong to any of the known dead. Bomb-victim experts have said it most likely belonged to the real bomber. Whose leg it was has never been determined.

Some experts suggest that the suppressed evidence—surveillance tapes, fingerprints, chemical tests, witness reports and the new information presented here—shows that the FBI and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives (ATF) may have been running a sting operation that went awry.

But even that theory doesn't explain everything. A more venturesome explanation is that McVeigh was set up or used by government-affiliated individuals from the U.S. or abroad—individuals who engineered the attack for reasons unknown.

"A SOPHISTICATED OPERATION"

So what was McVeigh doing at Camp Grafton? Being trained? Stealing military-grade explosives and detonators? His presence could certainly help explain how he gained the expertise to pull off a high-tech bombing.

According to qualified experts in demolitions and structural-damage assessment (whose

Spring 1993 Travels from Arizona to Michigan; stays at home of Terry Nichols's brother James. Travels to Waco, TX, during Branch Davidian stand-off. Leaves before ATF storms compound on April 19, 1993.

Summer 1993 Travels to Kingman, AZ. Works security job, then quits, leaves for Michigan.

August 3, 1993 Seen serving at Camp Grafton, ND, as "parts clerk," according to new video evidence.

Fall 1993 Issued traffic ticket near Elohim City, OK.

Early 1994 Returns to Kingman, AZ. Allegedly experiments with pipe bombs. Visits Las Vegas. Also spotted in Tulsa, OK.

Summer 1994 Travels to NY to visit grandfather. Returns to Kingman; allegedly breaks into National Guard Armory.

Fall 1994 Seen in Herington, KS. Allegedly starts planning the attack; obtains ANFO

bomb ingredients. Visits sister in Florida.

Late 1994 Travels to Oklahoma City; allegedly cases Murrah building.

Early 1995 Seen in Herington; overheard discussing truck bombs with others unknown.

April 1995 Buys get-away car in Junction City, KS. Allegedly drives to Oklahoma City, returns to Kansas, rents Ryder truck, calls Elohim City.

April 19, 1995 Oklahoma City bombing; McVeigh arrested.

SEARCH THESE NAMES

Care to investigate further? Here are a few of the key names tied to unanswered questions about the Oklahoma City bombing.

ANDREAS STRASSMEIER

Former German intelligence officer and chief of security at Elohim City. Suspected ATF informant and agent provocateur. Allowed to return to Germany without questioning.

TERRENCE YEAKEY

Local police sergeant and a first responder on the scene. Told his wife official reports about the bombing were untrue. Was later found dead under mysterious circumstances.

MICHAEL BRESCIA

White supremacist, Elohim City resident and former member of Midwest Bank Robbers gang that may have financed bombing. John Doe #2 suspect.

AL-HUSSAINI HUSSAIN

Former Iraqi soldier and refugee to the U.S. Seen with McVeigh prior to bombing and in Oklahoma City immediately after. John Doe #2 suspect.

CAROL HOWE

White supremacist and former ATF informant at Elohim City. Gave prior knowledge that extremists were planning attacks.

WAYNE ALLEY

U.S. District Judge originally assigned to preside over trial. Taken off case after disclosing that security officials issued prior warnings.

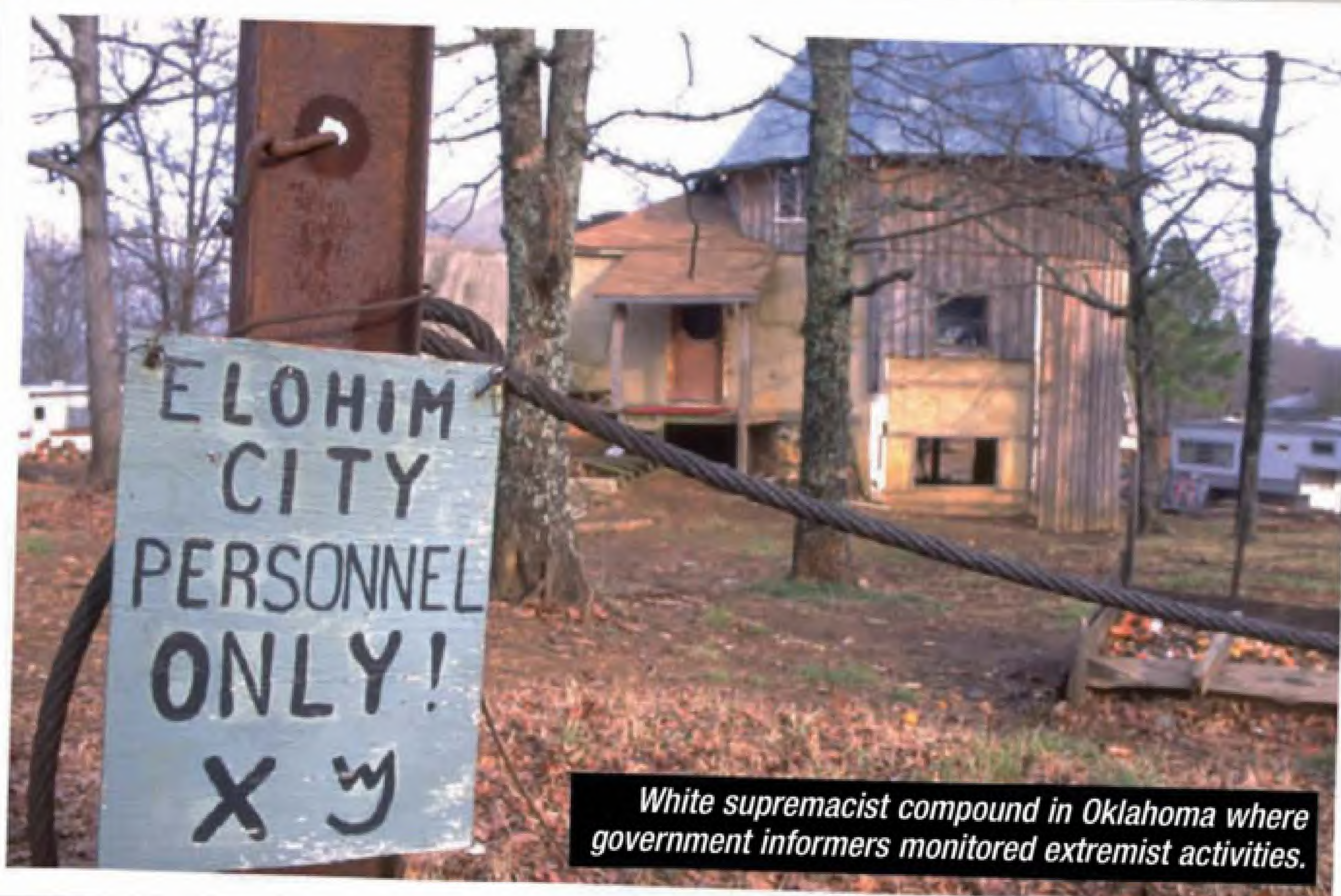
MARTIN KEATING

Brother of former Oklahoma Governor Frank Keating. Wrote *The Final Jihad* prior to bombing; book includes suspicious parallels, such as an extremist character named "Tom McVey."

statements have been collected by the OKBIC), the ANFO (ammonium nitrate and fuel oil) bomb that the FBI says was used does not match the amount, pattern or type of damage that was seen at the Murrah Building. This was also established by McVeigh's defense team.

A report submitted to several congressmen by retired Air Force General and bomb analysis expert Benton K. Partin stated that the FBI's theory is "beyond credulity."

"The damage pattern on the reinforced concrete superstructure could not possibly have been attained from the single truck bomb," Partin wrote. He and others point out that ANFO explosives are not strong enough to shatter concrete and break steel reinforcing rods. Partin and some of his colleagues have theorized that there would have to have been as



many as four bombs, possibly military-grade, attached to the support columns to cause the type of collapse seen in Oklahoma City.

Survivors, including one who spoke to local TV news on the day of the bombing, have said that the building began to crumble—presumably from bombs inside—seconds before the outside device detonated. He said people even had time to crawl under desks before the building's glass façade was blown inward by the truck bomb.

OKBIC member V.Z. Lawton, who worked at the HUD offices on the 8th floor of the Murrah Building, was at his desk at 9:02 when the bombs went off. "I felt the building begin to shake like it was an earthquake," he told HUSTLER. "The lights went out, debris began falling on my desk, and something hit me in the back of the head and rendered me unconscious. Later I had trouble understanding why I never heard the truck bomb go off, then realized I was knocked out before it exploded."

Lawton says the FBI has refused to release the surveillance tapes "because it would identify the others that were involved in the bombing, and it would show that the building was already coming down before the truck bomb went off."

According to statements by local police officers and firemen, rescue efforts were halted at least twice by bomb scares. These accounts also allege that bomb-squad specialists removed unexploded devices from the rubble.

Local news stations and CNN reported on the day of the bombing that two other bombs were found, defused and removed. These reports were confirmed by Justice Department authorities and by Governor Frank Keating. These reports can be viewed online at YouTube.com. The news sources also repeated government statements and bomb-expert

assessments that the bombing was a very "sophisticated" operation and had to be the work of highly trained professionals.

What better place to learn than Camp Grafton?

Allegations have also emerged regarding the reliability of FBI forensic evidence, including questions about the ammonium-nitrate residue that suggests an ANFO bomb. During the McVeigh trial, the FBI's theory was shown to be riddled with reasonable doubt. It turns out their findings could easily have been the result of lab contamination or planted evidence. The U.S. government has never actually proven through physical evidence that the truck explosive was an ANFO bomb.

The alternate explanations are not conclusive either. It is clear that the FBI prevented qualified personnel, even those preparing the FEMA report, from examining the site. Clean-up operations were severely rushed in an apparent attempt to destroy evidence.

In light of the strong possibility that military explosives were used in the bombing, McVeigh's presence at the demolitions-training center at Camp Grafton raises serious questions that demand answers.

The U.S. government's recent history is a chronicle of lies, coverups and deceptions. From Vietnam to Watergate, from 9/11 to the Iraq war, the American people have been told what they took to be the truth, only to find out they had been lied to.

There is now reason to suspect that the 1995 Oklahoma City bombing is yet another chapter in this shameful saga.

Contributing reporter Bryan Sacks is an investigative journalist and adjunct instructor of philosophy at Pennsylvania's Immaculata University. 🌐



"Bruce David, HUSTLER Magazine. Mr. President, do your advisers provide you with 100% of the bullshit you feed the country, or do you ever dream up any on your own?"



EROTIC

Tussauds wax museum in Las Vegas

SIN CITY NATIVE and XXX superstar Jenna Jameson officially entered the realm of immortals when she recently unveiled her lifelike double at Madame Tussauds in Las Vegas.

"She was absolutely blown away," recalls general manager Adrian Jones, who was on hand when Jenna became the first porn queen to be enshrined by the legendary house of wax.

"We celebrate fame," Jones continues, "and Jenna's name kept popping up on guest suggestion lists. And since she grew up here, we thought she'd be the perfect choice. When we approached her about it, she was extremely excited."

During the prep phase, Tussauds's London team studied thousands of photos to decide on the style, eventually opting for goddess over gonzo. Sculptors Stephen Mansfield and Jim Kempton settled on a pose that was suggestive, but PG-enough not to offend the museum's all-ages clientele.

"It's characteristic of her photo work and well-suited to the bedroom setting," Kempton explains. "Maybe we didn't

go into as much gratuitous detail as we could have, but I think we struck a good balance."

According to the design team, Jenna was their first fully provocative rendering, making it a real challenge. Tussauds's team traveled to Los Angeles and spent over two hours measuring and photographing every inch of Jenna's bombshell anatomy. The designers rely on such personal scrutiny to achieve a strong likeness. "She was great fun at the sitting, and we got a powerful sense of her personality and expression," says Roxanne Holland, external relations coordinator.

"The aim is to make the public feel they could actually be in the presence of this person," Kempton adds. "So along with celebrating their public image, we try to portray them as they really are. It helps that Jenna's beauty is very natural."

Back in London, more than 200 measurements were used to construct a metal armature and castings for a fiberglass body. Meanwhile, the head was crafted from Tussauds's traditional blend of beeswax, Japan wax and "a



immortalizes Jenna Jameson.

secret ingredient.” The mixture is not quite as unstable as pure wax, but the sculptors say that Jenna’s head would melt if left out in the Vegas sun.

After the body work, Jenna’s tresses were painstakingly inserted hair by hair and her tattoos exactly duplicated by the studio’s finishing department. After three months of toil and TLC—not to mention a total cost of \$300,000—Wax Jenna was ready.

The likeness is uncanny, but fans will notice something that doesn’t mimic the real gal: modesty. Jenna’s thong and pose neatly hide her sweet spot, while her elbows are coyly placed over her plump rack. If you look closely, though, you can see just a hint of pink areolas, painted by sculptor Mansfield himself as a final touch.

Madame Tussauds is a hands-on experience, so groping is allowed. The museum has also included a wow factor: When visitors stroke Jenna’s ankle tattoo, she coos, “Mmmm...wanna make love like a porn star?”

“Within three days,” Jones says, “the tattoo was rubbed off! We’ll need touch-ups sooner than we thought.”

As for what’s under that thong, the sculptors say no castings were made of Jenna’s familiar-to-millions genitalia. As Mansfield puts it, “She’s only as real as she needs to be.”

In true HUSTLER fashion, this reporter felt up the figure personally just to make sure—as smooth as a Barbie doll. Looks like porn fans will have to use their imaginations for a change.

Madame Tussauds Las Vegas is housed at The Venetian on the Vegas Strip. Head to MadameTussaudsLV.com for more info. 🌐

CAGED RAGE

Meet the 21st-century gladiators of Mixed Martial Arts and the Ultimate Fighting Championship.

A handful of fleeting seconds is all it takes. We witness Anthony McDavit size up Skye Rivera, twitch his eyes a couple of times from an intimidating, implacable visage, charge his adversary, hurl him against the metal cage, throttle him to the mat and deliver a barrage of pounding blows to Rivera's head.

Rivera's flailing legs go up in the air like a pair of white flags thrashed and unseen on a grisly battlefield. He's reaching with his feet for traction against the cage, but McDavit continues to overpower him, beating Rivera's head as if it were a nail and he the hammer.

Surprisingly, there is no blood, but as the blows mount, you can almost feel them flogging your own skull. The rabid throng of 1,500 jeering patrons at the Hollywood Palladium is made up mostly of muscle-bound, heavily-inked men and oddly-proportioned vixens. The spectators are wet with sweat and beer, oozing an untempered bloodlust.

Referee Josh Rosenthal separates the bantamweights, calling the one-sided encounter. Moments later at the Pangea Fights event comes a startling announcement. Because McDavit had broken some basic rules of engagement, the judges declare Rivera the default victor. All in 40 seconds.

Mixed Martial Arts (MMA) is a brutal collage of boxing, wrestling, judo, jujitsu, kung fu and other global fighting styles. Conducted in a cage, this primal, artful form of pugilism was launched into the collective consciousness by the popular Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC), which was established in 1993. MMA is now fast becoming *the* sport of the future.

The human condition is seen here in a minute flat: figuring odds, choosing sides, sparking to combat and witnessing a hungry, ancient, very real barbarism that reminds us of who we

once were...who we long to be again. With its closed-fist bruising, bone-crunching kicks, organ-punishing throws and occult-like submissions, MMA genuinely, authentically and entertainingly pulls back the veil on man's innate impulses.

"MMA is life in its most extreme form," says comedian Joe Rogan, host of NBC's *Fear Factor* and longtime color commentator for the UFC. "It's about ruining the opposition, one on one, man to man, conquering your opponent. You're basically killing each other with your bare hands. That's really the intention of every sport; it just doesn't seem like it because we mask those intentions with a ball and points and yardage and lines. Those are just euphemisms, a pretty way to look at war. The most satisfying, the most appealing, the most *real* of all sports is MMA.

Fighters like Mike Corey take serious beatings in the burgeoning sport of Mixed Martial Arts.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY



There's no bullshit in this sport. It's classic warfare, the kind that's been around since the beginning of time."

Creeping its way across the continents for centuries, MMA clawed into the U.S. limelight with a series of pay-per-view fights, courtesy of the UFC—the MMA Goliath—bolstered by superstars like Royce Gracie, Ken Shamrock, Tank Abbott and, more recently, Chuck Liddell, Rich Franklin and Matt Hughes.

Today, no less than two dozen significant, upstart MMA organizations compete for

TAKE A NAP
FIGHT GEAR

of fervent pay-per-view fans and bring nearly 3 million viewers to tie-in programming like the Spike TV reality program *The Ultimate Fighter*.

"The rich tapestry of real back stories and emotional connection that UFC and Spike have built up over the years is one of the real keys to this sport's success," says Clyde Gentry, an acclaimed documentary filmmaker and author of *No Holds Barred: Ultimate Fighting and the Martial Arts Revolution*. "People don't watch *American Idol* because they're big singing fans; they watch because they connect with the characters—real, genuine people—and want to see them succeed or, in some cases, fail. MMA has been around in some accidental form since the ancient Greek Olympics, but the modern-day incarnation is still in its infancy, and it seems there's no stopping it."

While MMA may have a virtual stranglehold on audiences eager for edgier sporting events, it still struggles to gain a solid foothold in the mainstream.

Potential fans may be deterred by the brutality, but MMA has strived to rid itself of loose cannons, as rules were once truly footloose and fancy-free, if they existed at all.

"Back in the old days, guys would come out with brass knuckles or metal rods and stuff stashed in their hands," recalls Herb Dean, a well-respected referee and judge with the UFC and other groups.

In the '90s several high-profile politicians banged the election drum in protest. Senator John McCain (R-Arizona) lambasted MMA as "a brutal and repugnant blood sport [that] should not be allowed to take place anywhere in the U.S."

Former New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, an avowed boxing fan, said, "[UFC] goes way beyond boxing. This is people brutalizing each other." A *Newsday* reporter cried that MMA is "the most disgusting, horrifying thing I've ever seen. It's basically taking cockfighting and putting it in human form."

audience loyalty. The UFC—reinvigorated in 2000 when gaming behemoth Fertitta Enterprises formed Zuffa Entertainment and took the reins—continues to lead the way. It produces adrenalized, marquee events that routinely sell out casino arenas, draw hundreds of thousands

"A **nap** (sometimes called a short sleep), usually 15-60 minutes. It is thought by many to maximize the benefits of sleep versus time. This type of sleep pattern may be associated with getting **choked out** or **knocked out**."

Newcomer Jonathan Romero (sponsored by Take A Nap Fight Gear) prepares for his next MMA match.

PHOTO BY DEVIN ALARIO

PHOTO BY DAN DION

Joe Rogan, comedian and former UFC commentator.

The cultural demonization of MMA could not have made the sport sexier to the key young male demographic, which was left cold by boxing's post-Tyson disintegration and professional wrestling's descent into high camp. Critics rarely mention that there has never been a death in an MMA contest (dozens of boxers have perished), and most injuries rarely require more than sutures. The states that allow it maintain stringent rules and guidelines.

Indeed, MMA has an occasional gory match. And from the larger-than-life gladiators to the immensely hot ring girls, these events often resonate like modern-day matches at the Roman Colosseum.

"Runners run. Swimmers swim. Fighters have to fight." So says Devin Alario, the easygoing, flip-flop-wearing CEO of Take A Nap Fight Gear, a business that designs and retails branded sportswear for MMA combatants and fans. Through clothing sponsorships, Alario finds up-and-coming fighters. "You want to be a great fighter, you have to breathe, eat, sleep and talk fighting, man. It's *that* kind of commitment."

Shonie "Mr. International" Carter, a ten-year vet of MMA with 12 national and international titles to his name, has a record of 66-13-7. The 34-year-old legend, who is sponsored by UFC and Submit-Gear, believes MMA competitors are quintessential athletes. "People ask me all the time if I'm a real athlete," Carter says. "Was Muhammad Ali a real athlete, Lance Armstrong, Michael Jordan? These are the

One on One With Chuck Liddell

ULTIMATE FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP'S WORLD LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT TITLEHOLDER for two years, Chuck "The Iceman" Liddell is widely renowned as one of Mixed Martial Art's true stand-outs. A few days after relying on his ferocious kickboxing and wrestling prowess to pummel Renato Sobral, lifting his professional record to 19-3-0, Liddell took some time to talk shop.

HUSTLER: Why has MMA exploded in the past few years?

LIDDELL: People love combat sports. For me, MMA is a mix of all the combat sports I like. It's kickboxing, wrestling, jujitsu. You watch these fights, it's impossible to *not* love it.

What role has UFC played in mainstreaming this sport?

When Zuffa took over UFC, they got us regulated, got the rules laid out, but the biggest thing is they got us the exposure. They really got us out there on TV. In the old days we were doing these live events, just trying to get on pay-per-view TV.

When you climb into the cage, getting ready to fight, where's your head? Walk us through the experience.

I'm kind of odd that way. I'm probably the most relaxed, comfortable person of anybody. I'm usually calming everyone else down. I love what I do. I love being out there. I love the competition of fighting.

Maybe some of that calm is because you're widely considered the best fighter in MMA?

Well, that's part of it. There is that confidence. I've always believed I could beat anybody in the world, and it's usually gone that way. The few times I've lost, I've always thought I could've and should've beat the guy, and I've wanted to fight him again. But fighting is the payoff for me. I work really hard for months before every fight—training five days a week, three times a day. That's the hard work. The payoff is getting in there and being able to perform.

You are a UFC legend. That's gotta be thrilling

for you, but we imagine that with success comes added pressure.

I guess. But I've got knockout power, which fight fans have always liked. I think that's a huge part of my appeal. And I try to satisfy the fans. I'm not out there to just squeak out a win. I'm going out there to finish a fight, to give the judges a chance to see me work. It's not fair to fans if you're not going out there and giving them everything they want.

That you do, without question, but the grueling punishment an MMA fighter's body endures has to take a toll.

I'm 37, and I'm probably at the top of my game right now. I'm hitting harder, feeling better, and I train smarter now that I'm older. I haven't had any signs of slowing down yet.

A lot of people talk about how dangerous this sport is. Is it true?

It's safer than boxing, with all those repetitive hits to the head. Boxing is *way* worse, a lot riskier. As far as injuries go, I got more injuries in five years of college wrestling than I've had in 13 years of fighting.

What are some of the keys to being a great fighter?

In this sport, you need to know so many things. You can't just be an athlete. In boxing there are four moves. You mix them up, but it's four moves. But boxing and MMA are like checkers and chess. They're different games entirely.

In the beginning, MMA was art against art—boxing versus wrestling, or something. Now it's truly Mixed Martial Arts. To be at the top of your game, you have to be proficient at every style of fighting. You might have your specialty, but you have to know how to fight in every way. —J. Rentilly



PHOTO COURTESY OF ZUFFA, LLC.

CAGED RAGE

legend makers and the record breakers. So am I." Carter currently appears on Spike TV's *The Ultimate Fighter 4: The Comeback*.

MMA fighters typically train six to seven days a week, running up to five miles daily. Those who rely too much on natural ability are destined for a hard, fast fall. It is a rigorous routine, but being a great fighter demands stamina, versatility and quick thinking in the cage.

"You're going to get fucked over unless you train *all the time*," Rogan declares. "The objective, of course, is to lessen the number of times you get fucked up." According to Rogan, successful fighters must have both dedication and intelligence.

Jonathan Romero, a newcomer from Phoenix, trains with a religious fervor. Come fight time, he gets serious. "I am completely in a zone," says Romero, who is sponsored by Take A Nap Fight Gear. "I am completely focused on the task at hand. I try to visualize what I'm going to do and how I will react to my opponent's actions. When I'm fighting, there's nothing else in the world but me and this guy. Only one of us is going to win. It had better be me."

Carter, with nearly 200 professional matches under his belt, confides that fights induce various emotions. "I hit somebody in the face, stoic," he explains. "I knock somebody to the ground, stoic. I get a sick, twisted, mouthwatering pleasure from throwing somebody."

The biggest difference between neophytes like Romero and veterans like Carter is the meaning of a title. Romero is a naturally gifted workhorse—hungry and ready to seize the day. But he'll have to win a lot of matches to make it through the ranks of Pangea Fights into the UFC. For Carter, who boasts of "pimping and playing all around the world," victory is always important.

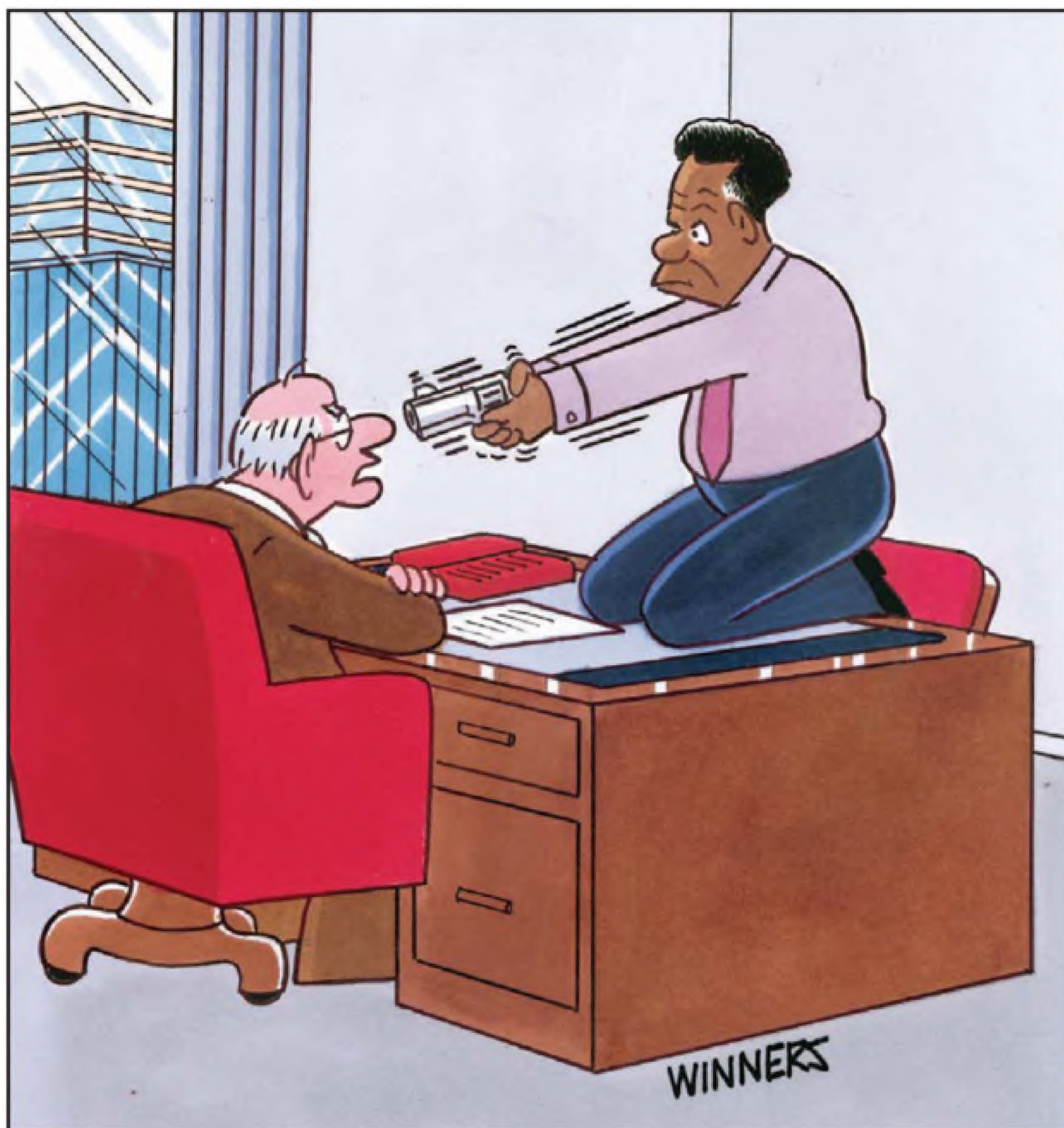
Bridging the gap between fighters and fans, making the world of MMA even more accessible, are companies like Take A Nap and TapouT—enterprises that design fight gear, sponsor competitors and take part in live events. The men of TapouT, for instance, warm up the huge crowds wearing outrageous costumes and assuming wacky names like PunkAss, El Joker, The Mask, RockStar and SkySkrape.

Yes, MMA is officially part of pop culture. These fights are tests of character, testaments to the brutal roots of our civilization. This is the gladiator ring, and you're invited to watch.

For additional information on Mixed Martial Arts, visit UFC.com, PangeaFights.com, TakeANapFightGear.com and TapouT.com.



J. Rentilly is a Los Angeles-based journalist who covers film, literature, music and pop culture for various publications, notably *Bizarre*, *Gallery*, *Cinescape* and foreign editions of *GQ* and *Maxim*. He is at work on a collection of interviews with America's great postwar authors, including Kurt Vonnegut Jr., John Updike, Don DeLillo and Joyce Carol Oates. 🌐



"I'm going to have to let you go, boy. You're creating a hostile work environment."



"Our little girl—a street whore at 18. Now that takes some real damn initiative!"



NANI & CHRISTIAN

TROPICAL LAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

Nani is a traditional South Seas name meaning “beautiful,” but we’ve found a great looker who wants to do more than just show off her delectable, 34C-28-29 bod. “I love shacking up with a clean-cut guy who knows how to eat pussy” is one of Nani’s mantras, and we’ve obliged the raring-to-go 21-year-old. A sucker for sweet talk, the half-German/half-Filipina nymphet adds, “The quickest way to my heart—and bed—is to shower me with compliments.” Before he’s done ravishing the horny babe, Nani’s latest “conquest” will be showering her with something else.

















Catch naughty-as-sin
Nani heating things up in
VCA's *Deep Inside Joanna
Angel*, available from
HUSTLER Video. Call
(toll-free) 877-325-6464
or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.



Everybody Loves FLAVOR IF



FLAVOR FLAV can easily be described as the Dean Martin of this generation. Although the rapper's frantic energy and clowning persona seem the polar opposites of the laid-back crooner, the versatile entertainer of today is equally charismatic: Like Martin, women want him, and men want to be him. Yes, Flavor Flav's popularity is undeniable. Some 7.5 million viewers (VH1's biggest audience of all time) tuned in to the finale of his latest reality show, *The Flavor of Love: Season Two*. Just as his first self-titled solo CD was hitting record stores, the hip-hop icon stopped by the HUSTLER offices to talk about the past, present and future plans of the man who would be king.

HUSTLER: Public Enemy has been around for 22 years and still going strong. Why a solo CD now?

FLAVOR FLAV: It was supposed to drop in 1991. It never came out because Flavor Flav guilty by association with Hank Shocklee and Chuck D. Around that time they weren't having the best relationship with Russell [Simmons] and Def Jam. They [record label] said if you don't put out the *He Got Game* soundtrack, we ain't putting out your shit. So that dropped and didn't really do nothing. Then they made us put out another record, and no one cared. By then it was pointless.

So are the tracks from 1991?

Nah. I redid the whole thing over the last five years. This is the most longest-awaited album in history. Everywhere worldwide been waiting for a solo project from your man. Every year I'd say it's coming, it's coming, it's coming, and now it's here! *(Suddenly, all three of Flav's cell phones go off, one loudly playing "King of Rock" by Run-DMC. To say that Flavor Flav is in demand would be an understatement.)*

Rather than your trademark hip-hop, the first cut, "Let It Show," is a straight-up, old-school R&B party record with a social conscience à la Marvin Gaye.

You gotta have a record for the uncles, the aunts and for the grandmothers. Everything. Dedicated to the people that ain't here no more. Because there's a lot of people that dead that really make Flavor Flav who he is. For that track I pictured my grandmother saying *(Flav affects a biddy's voice)*, "You making all these records; why don't you make something for us?"

So the disc has something for everyone—even a country song?

What you gotta do is cover *all* your bases. That's what this album is about. I'm a musician, and I love country-and-western music. Back in the days my man Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton? Come on, man. I love it. I know that there are some country people that love Flavor Flav; so I made something for them too.

You do a lot of singing on the solo CD, not like Biz Markie clowning around. You can really sing.

That's a talent that I have, and I want to exploit that. I know that a lot of the old fans right now aren't gonna stomach a full CD of me singing.

They're used to "yeah, boyeee!" and "yo, Chuck, rock this shit!" But I mix in the singing, and they hear me hitting notes and be like, *alright!* Not only am I singing, but there are tracks where I play all the instruments. I want to show people I am a musician, and I can hold my own weight.

Public Enemy is a political force in music. What do you think about the current state of the world?

Very good question. I am glad you asked. When it comes down to politics, I want to be very clear: *Fuck politics!* I don't give a fuck about politics! Politics don't do shit for Flavor-fucking-Flav. They take my fucking money! Bush got the country all fucked-up! He's going around the world trying to tell everybody what to do. Meanwhile, the United States' backyard is dirty.

Why don't he clean this shit up first? You got a lot of fucking people dying overseas in Iraq. You know what I'm saying? They should have pulled those troops out of there. Now they making them stay over there for extra stays? Why don't Bush pull those guys out of there and stop making things worse and more fucked-up for the United States?! Bringing extra terrorist threats on us. We're not safer. All 'cause Bush trying to be a backyard bully.

It's not a good thing that he's bringing the hate on Americans. Ever since he stole the Presidency, he's pushing people around and stuff trying to clean up things his daddy didn't finish. Come on now. Let's keep it real. Troops dying. Hey, Saddam is gone; you got him. Now get the fuck out of there! You so fly, Bush? Then catch Bin Laden, motherfucker!

How did you make the transition from hip-hop to reality-TV superstar?

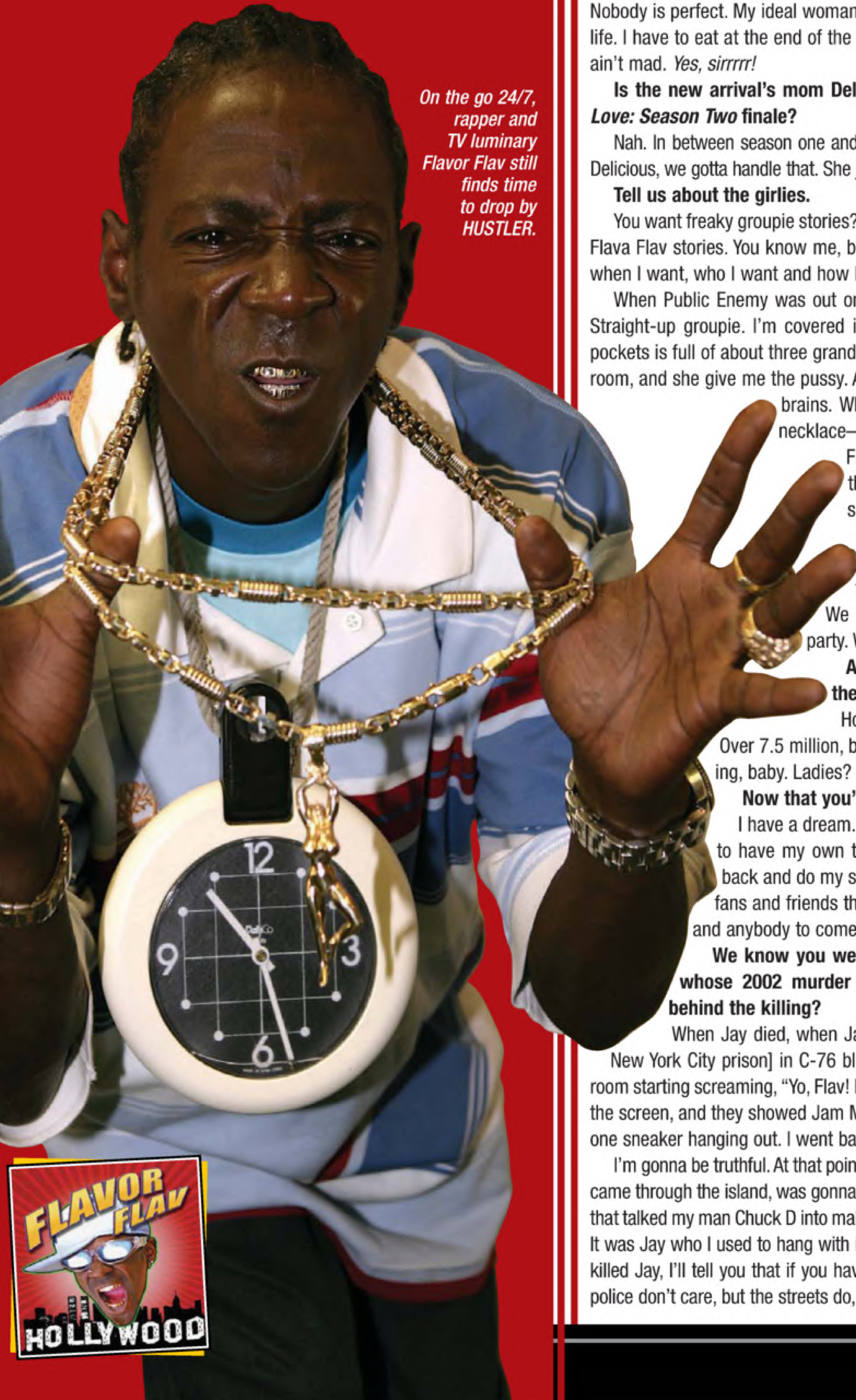
By accident. Nah, but on purpose. *(Laughs.)* Let me tell you G, as the years went by, Public Enemy wasn't that hot anymore, and I had a lot of idle time. So I thought, *Well?* Chuck D and Hank gave me the idea of going out to L.A. to see what I can do. My man Norris worked on *The Steve Harvey Show*. He told me people want to see me. So I dusted off the spiderwebs and did that.

People started calling. Did a commercial for Comedy Central. I met Bernie Mac at a party, and I did his show. *Wowwwwwww!* I went to VH1 to a pitch meeting, and your man Flav had to fuck with everybody. After the meeting, I just walked into everybody's offices. "Yo, what's up, G? It's your man Flavor Flav." Walking around VH1, buggin' everybody out. That good will stayed in that building. It led to *The Surreal Life*.

The thing that really worked fo' Flavor Flav's advantage, you know that song in *Wizard of Oz*, "If I Only Had a Brain"? I didn't know nobody in the house. That really worked for me. I didn't know who Brigitte Nielsen was. When she smacked me in the face, and I smacked her back, that opened

FLAV!

On the go 24/7, rapper and TV luminary Flavor Flav still finds time to drop by HUSTLER.



doors. I didn't know who she was till the end of *Strange Love*, my second reality show. The last day we got some Public Enemy stuff and Brigitte's films, and we shared what we did. Not knowing before, that made our combination work.

So that love was real?

It was *all* real. I was in love with this lady, and she with me. I'll love her till the day I die. She knows that fo' real.

Is Brigitte Nielsen your perfect woman?

Honestly, to tell you the truth, there is no such thing as the perfect woman. Nobody is perfect. My ideal woman is one who respects me, my job and my way of life. I have to eat at the end of the day. I got six kids and another one on the way. I ain't mad. *Yes, sirrrrr!*

Is the new arrival's mom Delicious, the lady you picked on the *Flavor of Love: Season Two* finale?

Nah. In between season one and two I was messing with a shortie in Vegas. Now Delicious, we gotta handle that. She just found out this baby is coming; so we'll see.

Tell us about the girlies.

You want freaky groupie stories?! Yeeeah, boyeee! Let me tell you a couple freaky Flava Flav stories. You know me, being a major celeb, I'm gonna have any woman when I want, who I want and how I want.

When Public Enemy was out on the LL Cool J tour, I met this chick at a club. Straight-up groupie. I'm covered in gold, about five thousand dollars' worth, my pockets is full of about three grand. I get drunk with this girl, we get up in the hotel room, and she give me the pussy. After I fuck it good, I go to sleep. Snoring out my

brains. When I wake up, the gold, the money, my clock necklace—*gone!* She took everything. Oh, yeah, your man Flav got beat down. I know I'm not the only celeb that that happened to. It's just that they ain't speaking on shit like that. I know what time it is even though she took my clock.

There was this other time on the Run-DMC tour with my boy Ad-Rock from the Beastie Boys. We had a room full of girlies having a butt-naked party. We was real hustlers, y'all.

At this point, how many women have tasted the "Flavor of Love"?

Honestly, to tell you the truth? *(Lengthy pause.)* Over 7.5 million, baby! And I ain't mad at that. They can keep tast-ing, baby. Ladies? Come and gather round the Flavor Man!

Now that you're at the height of your power, what's next?

I have a dream. Like Martin Luther King, Flav got one too. I want to have my own talk show like Arsenio Hall. I want to bring that back and do my spin on it. Straight-up entertainment. I got a lot of fans and friends that are celebrities. Make it a stage for everybody and anybody to come hang, perform and entertain.

We know you were close with Run-DMC DJ Jam Master Jay, whose 2002 murder remains unsolved. Who do you think was behind the killing?

When Jay died, when Jay got shot, I was locked up on Rikers Island [a New York City prison] in C-76 block. I was on the phone, and the guys in the TV room starting screaming, "Yo, Flav! Flav, something happened to you man Jay!" I saw the screen, and they showed Jam Master Jay's body on TV under a white sheet with one sneaker hanging out. I went ballistic. The whole jail had to hold me down.

I'm gonna be truthful. At that point I did put a word out, that whoever did that, if they came through the island, was gonna get had. Jay was my man. It was Jam Master Jay that talked my man Chuck D into making records with Def Jam. Y'all need to know that. It was Jay who I used to hang with in the back of the bus on all those tours. Whoever killed Jay, I'll tell you that if you haven't been found yet, the streets will get you. The police don't care, but the streets do, and they will get you! Believe that! 🌐



DAVID HOROWITZ

PART 2

Tensions mount as HUSTLER and Horowitz continue with Part 2 of their debate.

IN HIS NEW BOOK, *The Shadow Party*, conservative firebrand David Horowitz claims to blow the whistle on liberal “infiltrators at the highest levels of financial and political power.” The onetime Democrat’s intention? To bring down his old party.

After switching allegiances to the Republicans in 1980, Horowitz has steadily intensified his crusade against the Left. Along the way, the outspoken critic co-founded the Center for the Study of Popular Culture (a right-wing think tank) and the conservative watchdog project Discover the Networks. Not surprisingly, he fervently supports the war on terror and the war in Iraq.

What follows is the conclusion of an intense, three-hour-long, no-holds-

barred session with America’s most well-known neoconservative rabble-rouser. For the complete, raw and unedited interaction, visit LarryFlynt.com. For more on Horowitz’s Web sites, visit FrontPageMag.com, HorowitzFreedomCenter.org and StudentsForAcademicFreedom.org. Welcome to the battle...

HUSTLER: Were you in favor of the Dubai Ports Deal?

HOROWITZ: [No]. It’s irrelevant to me whether Dubai is an ally or not, whether Dubai executives are trustworthy or not. We’re in a war against radical Islam. Dubai is an Islamic country. (*Clarification: See FACTOID 1.*)

Do you think there was any quid pro quo in terms of John Snow’s sale of portions of his company, CSX, to Dubai?

Not only is that connected, but I’m sure Bill Clinton, who’s on Dubai’s

PHOTOS BY ED RAMPELL

payroll, had a role in it too. And yes, I agree. During the Second World War, IG Farben and Standard Oil supplied weapons [to the Nazis]. (Clarification: See FACTOID 2.)

As did Bush's grandfather, Prescott Bush Sr.

Yeah, business is amoral. So business will appease terrorists, finance terrorists. But [a quid pro quo] wouldn't surprise me. ... I think the Bush Administration is weak on Saudi Arabia. I'm well aware they have investments...in Saudi Arabia, and I'd be much more vocal on this if the Left hadn't defected from the war on terror.

Do you maintain that there's such a thing as left-wing media?

Totally. I'm talking about the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, the *Toledo Blade*. They're all writing editorials and news features on teacher unions, the American Association of University Professors, NEA, AFT and ACLU. They're completely biased. (WRONG. See FACTOID 3.)

And there's no such thing as a corporate media, correct?

Yeah, you can take the most conservative media institutions in the country: Dow Jones, the Chanders (a conservative family), the *Orange County Register*. The entire news sections in those papers are liberal. (WRONG. See FACTOID 4.) They [along with the networks] are all on the left.

No, they're not. They've moved the debate to the right.

This is why having forums—and I consider this interview a forum, with two sides—is very interesting. JFK has identical politics to Ronald Reagan and George Bush, for that matter. He was a hawk on defense—we had the largest [peacetime] military buildup in world history. He was a militant anticommunist, [and he was] for a capital gains tax cut and balanced budget. He put Republicans in charge of his three main Cabinet positions: Defense, State and Treasury. JFK has my politics. So I consider that the country has shifted far to the left.

But the Democratic Party—bought and paid for by Big Business—has walked away from working people. The Dems signed off on the Bankruptcy Bill. What more proof do you want?

We agree on the Bankruptcy Bill, [but] since when was the Democratic Party the party of the working class? When it was run by—

Franklin D. Roosevelt.

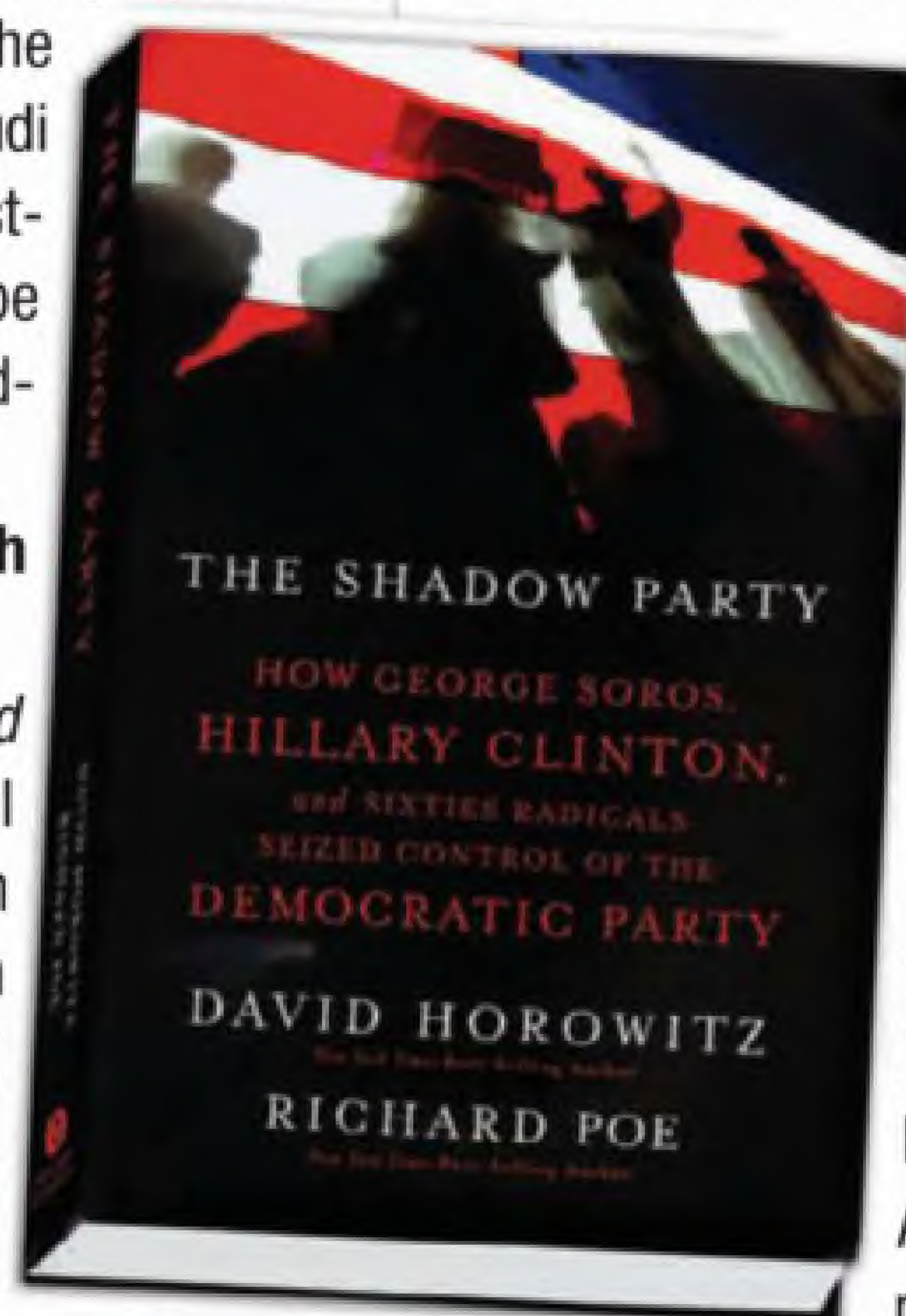
FDR was an aristocrat. He came from a blue-blood family.

How about the majority of Democratic senators who authorized Bush to go war? Weren't they tilting to the right?

They didn't believe in the war, and you know it. The Democratic Party is for redistribution of income. It's against all American wars. It's way to

the left of where Kennedy and Truman were.

We haven't seen any evidence of wealth redistribution—except from the bottom up. Meanwhile, we have another bone to pick. Christopher Hitchens, a self-confessed neocon, has admitted the Ohio election was stolen.



I understand opponents of Bush are really upset over Florida in 2000, and that will probably be with us a long time. I wrote a piece about what Gore did, calling Gore's challenging a national election in Florida "the most reckless and irresponsible act of a national leader." That's because democracy is a strange order. We have people who kill themselves—Protestants and Irish Catholics, Croats and Serbs, Muslims and Hindus, Jews and Arabs. But in America we live peacefully. Why? We have this religion in America called the democratic religion. Everybody who's been close to elections knows there's terrible shenanigans that go on...by both parties; 2000 is not the first time in modern history that a result was so close.

So if you're a national leader, you have a responsibility to the whole community—particularly in such a close election—to preserve the mystique. The banality of Gore, I mean aside from his recklessness of challenging [the election], the fact that he basically wanted to also steal the election, is shown by the fact that he only called for a recount in three Democratic-run counties. ... The fact is that Gore showed that Bush [was] stealing the election, and his morals are equally bad. But far worse than that was the fact that he would expose this, make it a political issue for the whole country. ... I have a very low opinion of Al Gore.

If anybody threatened the U.S. Constitution and the fabric of America, it was Florida Secretary of State Katherine Harris and the GOP, the way they blatantly manipulated the 2004 election.

If the election was decided by a few votes that you feel were illegally rigged in Ohio, what are we to say about Wisconsin, where Democrats won and slashed the tires of Republican cars, gave cigarette butts to homeless people to vote? (Clarification: See FACTOID 5.)

They were trying to clean out the jails [in] many states. The biggest problem in Florida was that they got lots of people who had no business voting, because they couldn't read or write. (WRONG. See FACTOID 6.) They couldn't know how to punch a chad...they were paid to vote by Democratic operatives. Look, it's a very troubled, corrupt system. And I'm for any reforms that would make it a little more truthful, but I'm not going to get excited because

1 The Dubai Ports Deal was an attempt in early 2006 by Bush's cronies to help the United Arab Emirates (UAE)-owned DP World take over management of five major American seaports from P&O. Despite heavy lobbying from Bush, Congress blocked the deal on concerns it would compromise port security.

During the controversy it emerged that the port seller, CSX, had previously sold one of its units to the Bush-connected Carlyle Group. Carlyle then flipped the unit to DPW at a handsome profit, and UAE boosted its investment in Carlyle. Meanwhile, CSX CEO John Snow was rewarded with the job of U.S. Treasury Secretary, granting him the power to rubber-stamp the DP World ports deal.

In an attempt to save the doomed plan, DPW called on the political savvy of Bill Clinton for advice on how to deal with growing opposition to the transfer.

DPW ended the furor by saying it would transfer control of the ports to an undisclosed "U.S. entity," which was taken by many to mean the company would seek to keep control of American ports through subsidiaries. As of press time six months later, control of the ports had not been transferred.

2 The list of American companies that engaged in business dealings with the Nazis include IG Farben's American unit, Standard Oil, Ford Motor Company, Chase Bank, Morgan Bank and Union Banking Corporation (UBC). Prescott Bush was the director of UBC, which was established to finance the Nazi's reorganization of German industry. UBC was seized by the U.S. government in 1942 under the Trading With the Enemy Act.

3 The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* has often been criticized for a conservative—not left-wing—bias on its editorial page, despite a primarily Democratic readership. In 2004 the paper's publisher refused to endorse John Kerry for President.

The *Toledo Blade* pays close attention to labor issues, reflecting the high level of union membership among its readers, relative to other Midwest states.

4 According to former staffers of Dow Jones, which publishes the *Wall Street Journal*, the company does not screen prospective employees on the basis of political persuasion.

News departments are only as liberal as their highest-ranked editors, who have the final word on what gets printed. *Wall Street Journal* editors tend to cater to the paper's largely conservative and business-oriented readership.

A recent study by FAIR (Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting) found that most journalists are political centrists, which from a right-wing perspective appears to be liberal, but from a leftist perspective appears conservative.

The Los Angeles-based Chandler family, which previously owned the *Los Angeles Times*, sold the paper to the multimedia Tribune Company, receiving as part of the deal a stake in the *Chicago Tribune*. Both papers cater to a mainstream readership and are not known for bold editorial stances.

5 While it is true that Democratic supporters slashed tires of Republican vehicles in Wisconsin, hostility was active on both sides of the party divide. In one case a Madison widower received calls saying his late wife, a Kerry supporter, should burn in hell.

6 There are no literacy or IQ requirements for voting, as that would constitute illegal discrimination. Literacy tests for voting were banned by the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

7 Bill Clinton told George W. Bush in January 2001 that he considered Osama bin Laden the USA's top security threat and that Iraq posed no immediate threat.

In an apparent response to criticism after 9/11, the Bush Administration claimed eight months later through an anonymous source that a foreign-policy memo about eliminating al-Qaeda dated September 10 sat on Condoleezza Rice's desk for Bush's review at the time of the attacks.

some Democrats are concerned about one or two districts in Ohio.

These voting anomalies in 2004 occurred all across the country, and they're directly traceable in most cases to Diebold or ES&S voting machines. There were so many statistical anomalies that statisticians pointed to it as being like a hundred million-to-one fluke. Hitchens took essentially that position.

I don't care about Hitchens. My shit detector goes on when you say that it [the election fraud] all goes one way [with the overwhelming number of election anomalies in favor of Bush]. How's that possible? Are Democrats mentally incompetent?

That may be the case, but Republicans are better organized and more vicious, more willing to bend the Constitution. They've made it illegal in Ohio to contest the results when electing the President.

I think that's a good rule—because of what I said. The mystique [of democracy]. ... We believe if you lose the fight today, you can organize and win it tomorrow.

Not having a recount sends the message that an election is fixed.

Both parties will lose [elections]. ... [That] means both parties have to be on their toes and see things are not being [tampered with]. They need poll watchers, etc. That's a better way to solve it. If you have a national election that's really close and it's contested, you're setting up conditions for a civil war. I think civil wars are bad.

The very act of telling people they can't recount an election is setting up conditions for a civil war.

Look at it this way. The 2000 election [delayed Bush] getting into place by I think two months. As everybody knows, [the Bush camp] planned to fight terror. A comprehensive antiterror plan, which would have prevented 9/11, landed on Bush's desk on September 10. If it hadn't been for Al Gore, there would have been two more months to protect us from 9/11. That's why you don't want to contest national elections. (*Clarification: See FACTOID 7.*)

Condoleezza Rice had a President's Daily Briefing on "Bin Laden determined to strike in U.S." in August 2001.

Please! A Presidential briefing means nothing. Do you guys ever read the conservative side of these arguments? There's elaborate literature on the issue of this goddamn memo, and it was vague, like a billion other memos.

In Afghanistan today al-Qaeda and the Taliban are in resurgence. The United States had no business invading Iraq. We should have stayed in Afghanistan.

Well, then, Saddam Hussein would have nuclear weapons.

He would not. We had the U.N.'s Hans Blix and other inspectors in there—

I've read Hans Blix's book. And Saddam Hussein violated the U.N. protocols. He was building weapons of mass destruction.

There's no evidence of that.

Maybe I'll e-mail you something. (*Editor's Note: He still hasn't.*)

Is oil a factor?

If there were no oil beneath the Middle East, it would be just the miserable backwater that it is. It's a region that is so self-crippled that the gross national product of 300 million Arabs without oil is smaller than the GNP of Finland, with 5 million people. The Muslim Arab world is suffering from its religion, which keeps half of its population, mainly women, from being educated. It is a medieval religion with a medieval economy, except for what it can buy from oil.

You couldn't possibly have warm feelings for the Religious Right.

I've come into profound conflict with leaders of the Religious Right over, for example, gay rights. I'm not a member of the Religious Right. ... I'm glad Bush has a higher power. One of Clinton's big problems was just irresponsibility. Sticking a cigar in Monica Lewinsky and lying about it was more important to him than defending 300 million Americans. He paralyzed his Presidency over that.

The Republicans paralyzed it—over a blowjob!

No, Clinton paralyzed his Presidency by the lies. All he had to do was say I'm sorry to the country, and Hillary and he would have gone on about his business. Or he could have resigned, and Al Gore would have been President.

The country didn't need to know if Clinton got a blowjob from Lewinsky.

You don't understand [what was] behind the Lewinsky scandal. The Clinton Administration had invited intelligence officers and generals of the Chinese Communist dictatorship into the White House in exchange for money, and placed an agent of the Communist regime at the highest intelligence level. The Republicans botched their investigation of this, but that was one of the things they had against Clinton [during] the Lewinsky scandal. (*Clarification: See FACTOID 8.*)

How about the way the Bush Administration has cozied up to China?

The U.S. can't go to war with everybody that's bad. Most of the world is bad.

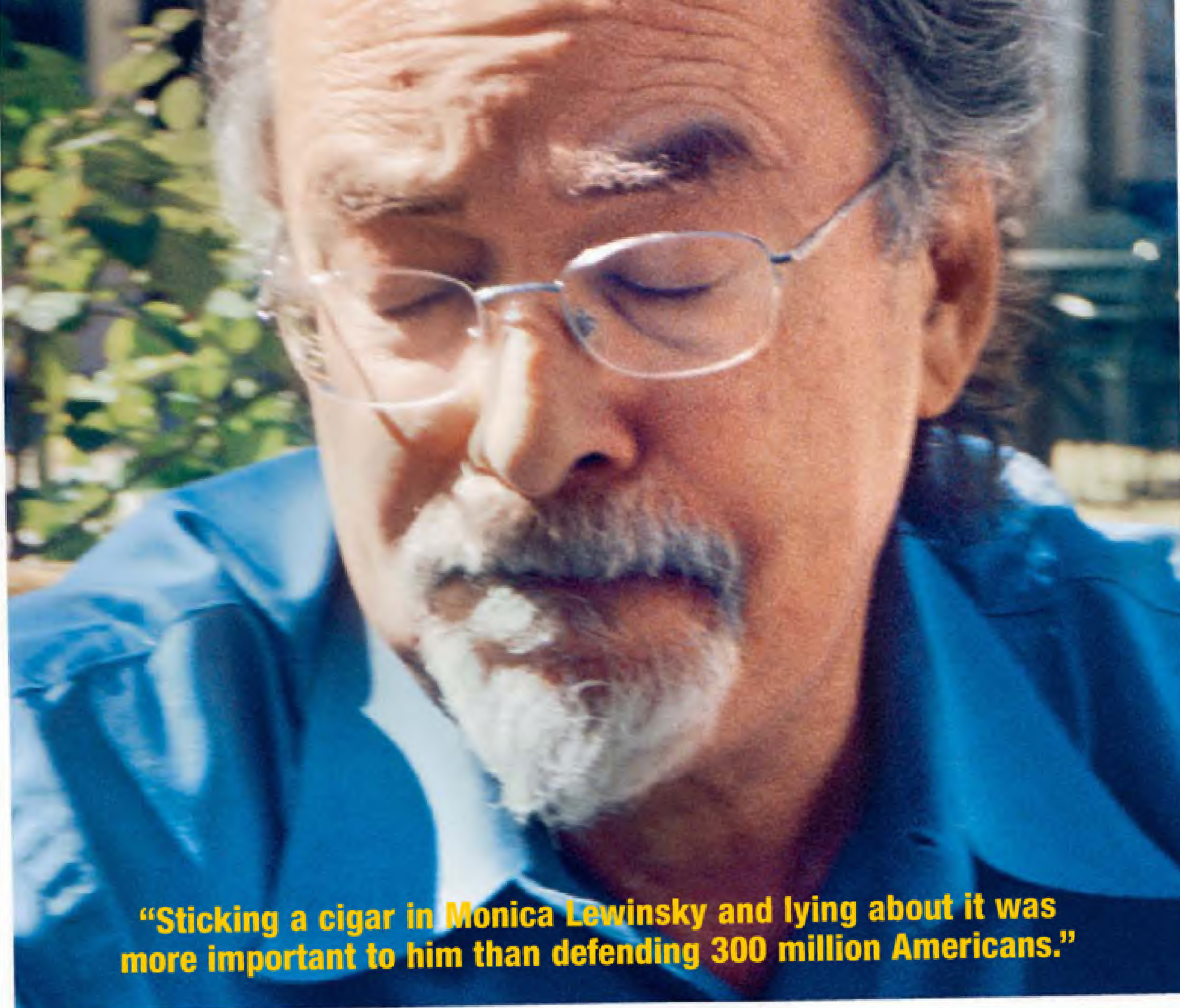
That seems to be the Bush doctrine though: Spread "freedom" everywhere.

Again I say, Progressive, how could you not support that, if that were the case?

You don't spread democracy at bayonet point, and you don't unnecessarily invade countries that aren't attacking you. Why would you allow the U.S. to get into debt to a Communist country like China?

What do you want him [Bush] to do?

How about balance the budget? No tax cuts to



“Sticking a cigar in Monica Lewinsky and lying about it was more important to him than defending 300 million Americans.”

the top 1% of the—

This is the economics lesson that people on the left don't seem to understand. First, when you overpay a bill, and it's revealed you've overpaid it, you expect to get your money back. Tax reform—

We want our money back for not finding WMDs in Iraq.

That's because the Russians moved them to Syria. (WRONG. See FACTOID 9.)

You have no proof of that. If [Saddam] had them, why didn't he use them?

He never thought we were going to attack him. We'll go back to the Iran-Iraq war as a preface to this. ... In 1979 [or maybe] '80 or '81, the Iran-Iraq [war] was starting. Iran is a fundamentalist, Islamic country, which not only had taken our people hostage, but [had] a million people chanting “Death to America.” And [Ayatollah Khomeini's] goal was to have a holy war against the United States.

Iran is a country with 80 million people, and Iraq only has 18 million. Iran is four times the size of Iraq. So when the war got going, and Iran was winning, the United States had a choice. It could watch what was happening, and we would have had an Islamic radical [theocratic government] with, in effect, Osama bin Laden in charge of most of the world's oil. [We] tilted to the Iraq side to prevent either side from winning. And that's where the weapons we gave Saddam came from.

The hypocrisy is that now the Republicans yell Saddam gassed his own people. We knew he gassed his own people, and we gave him more gas.

Yeah, but Bush wasn't President.

His father was Vice President. But why didn't Iraq

use the WMDs when the biggest and most powerful country in the world was about to attack it?

If you read the actual statements of Bush...in the State of the Union, which was in January [2003, he said] Iraq is not an imminent threat, but we cannot allow it to become one. That is, we don't want to be in the position that we are in with that idiot in North Korea who has nuclear weapons. Not even Bush said that there was a nuclear arsenal. [The White House] didn't want the warning to be a mushroom cloud.

That's the same thing.

We did not want to leave Saddam in power and give him months to develop nuclear weapons. That was the argument.

British Prime Minister Tony Blair said Iraq could strike us in 45 minutes.

The U.N. Security Council, by a unanimous vote, gave Saddam Hussein a 30-day ultimatum. Or else. The 30-day ultimatum was to disarm all his WMD programs—like the Scuds they discovered—and to file a report that, weapon by weapon, showed how they were disposed of. There's something like 2,000 tons of nerve gas that the U.N. inspectors had identified, but they didn't know what happened to them.

Hans Blix's book says two things, and this is in my book, *Unholy Alliance*. The U.N. ultimatum was a war ultimatum. It was diplomatic terms for “You do this, or we're going to war.” Two, the report that Saddam filed by the deadline of December 7 [2002] was phony. It was all old stuff. In his book, Blix says Saddam did not comply with the ultimatum. But since Hans Blix is a left-wing Swedish Socialist, he didn't believe that we should resort, under any circum- (continued on page 66)

8 A 1998 Republican Senate report on illegal contributions from China alleged “the DNC raised millions of dollars in illegal foreign funds” and that the White House stonewalled investigations. The report confirmed Chinese officials had access to Clinton and Gore, but also stated evidence regarding White House involvement was circumstantial. A 1999 House report concluded that U.S. defense had been infiltrated by Chinese spies since the 1970s—well before the Clinton Administration.

9 Various right-wing pundits, most notably former Deputy Undersecretary of Defense John A. Shaw, claimed that Russian special forces had been hiding Iraq's WMD from weapons inspectors and moved them to Syria just before the U.S. invasion of Iraq in 2003. No verification of these claims has ever been provided.

10 Then-Secretary of State Colin Powell's speech to the United Nations, outlining the Bush Administration's case for invading Iraq, was delivered on February 5, 2003, ten days before the Stop the War Coalition's protest in London. Worldwide protests were spurred when the invasion seemed inevitable. The London demonstration was the largest in the city's history. Police estimated attendance at 750,000 people, while organizers claimed 2 million attended.

11 Greg Thielmann, who was in charge of analyzing the Iraqi weapons threat for Colin Powell's intelligence bureau, has said that Powell's speech was cobbled together from intelligence sources that were known to be unreliable or were heavily biased, such as defectors supplied by the Iraqi National Congress. Regarding many points in the speech, Powell's own Defense Intelligence Agency had previously dissented from the CIA view, meaning Powell was well aware that the claims had been solidly discredited ■



CHESTY MORGAN



CANDYE KANE



CANDY BARR



CANDY SAMPLES



NORMA STITZ



Busty Beauties Return!

Dian Hanson's *The Big Book of Breasts* titillates with huge ta-tas.

BOOBS, TITS, KNOCKERS, CANS, MILKBAGS, HOOTERS....


No matter what you call 'em, men *love* large breasts.

That's why we were so excited to see that Dian Hanson—best known for her comprehensive *History of Men's Magazines* series, reviewed in our August and December '06 issues—has compiled *The Big Book of Breasts*.

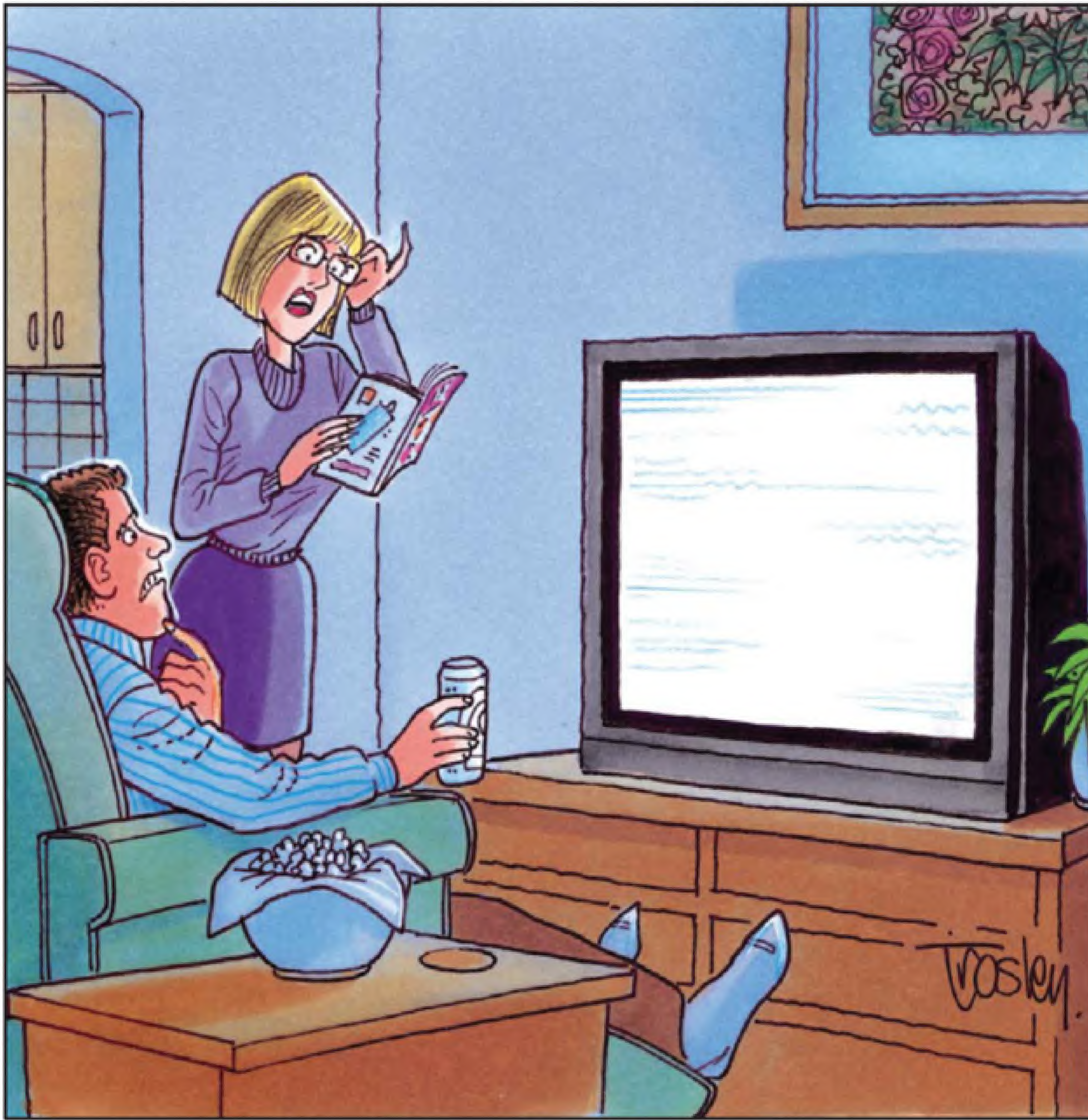
This 420-page chronicle showcases a cavalcade of top-heavy models who graced vintage adult magazines. Best of all, the well-endowed ladies were primarily photographed prior to the dawn of silicone implants. Based on the treasure chest of humongous, homegrown mammaries that Hanson has uncovered, Mother Nature *definitely* knows best.

Every mega-boober you could imagine is here: Tempest Storm, Christy Canyon, Norma Stitz, Candy Kane, Candy Samples and several other women named Candy.

Hanson's tome also features conversations with ten voluptuous icons, including the first Q&A in over a decade with Russ Meyer girl and '70s porn star Uschi Digard. There's also the *last* interview with the late Candy Barr, who starred in *Smart Alec*, one of the most famous underground porn flicks of all time.

If you're interested in ogling an incredible cornucopia of curvaceous cleavage, look for *The Big Book of Breasts*, available at bookstores and at Taschen.com. 





"No, there's nothing wrong with our TV. This is just a Fox special called *Inside Bill O'Reilly's Brain*."



"I want Bush to admit that he invaded Iraq for oil, that Saddam had nothing to do with 9/11 and that the Ohio election was rigged! And I want a fire truck!"

(continued from page 63) stances, to war. Two Security Council members—the United States and Britain—said, after the deadline passed, that we need to enforce this ultimatum. When you have 17 U.N. resolutions that have been disregarded, and you've issued a war ultimatum, and you don't follow through on it, you are asking for a world of trouble.

Maybe we shouldn't have issued a war ultimatum. And maybe we shouldn't have lied about the reason for it.

The U.N. Security Council, by a vote of 15 to 0, issued the ultimatum. Not the United States. It was very specific. The problem was the U.N. veto powers on the Security Council—China, France and Russia, the three military allies of Saddam Hussein—refused to interpret the documents as a failure to comply. On January 15, I think, there was a demonstration in London; 750,000 Britons, mainly from the Labour Party, went into the streets to oppose the war.

Tony Blair was in desperate political circumstances in his own country. He went to Bush and begged him to go back into the Security Council and get a second resolution, even though it would be entirely redundant. And the Bush Administration—because Tony Blair had gone out on a limb for them—made, in my view, a terrible diplomatic mistake. They said, okay, we're going to go back. That is why, on February 15, Colin Powell made this bad speech. Instead of the arguments that had been given to them, which is all about U.N. resolutions, and all about not letting Saddam become an imminent threat, Colin Powell...tried to scare the Brits, the Russians, everybody, by showing those vehicles. (**WRONG: See FACTOID 10.**)

Do you agree that Powell lied?

I thought it was a terrible speech. You have to understand that the intelligence information—not just from the CIA, which was run by a Clinton appointee, but [also] from British intelligence and Jordanian intelligence and Russian intelligence—all said that Saddam had these weapons. I think that Colin Powell made a terrible diplomatic and political mistake. I'm not willing to say he lied, but the information that he gave is possibly not true. (**Clarification: See FACTOID 11.**)

We know that the intelligence information was cherry-picked. No one listened to dissenting voices.

I understand that. I'm telling you that [the Bush Administration] did it because of what the political Left in Britain did. The political Left threatened Tony Blair's survival. Now, they never got to the Security Council vote because [France's then-Foreign Minister Dominique de] Villepin went to Colin Powell and said [that] we will not vote for war under any circumstances. That put Bush and Blair into the situation where the United States had to go to war without them, on the basis, very tricky...of WMDs. So the answer to your question is Saddam never thought we would actually go to war. That's because he could count on the support of Russia, France and China.

Last question. Do right-wing celebrities like you have groupies?

I am a one-woman, monogamous husband. 🐼

BRIANA BANKS & BRITTNEY SKYE

THANK GOD FOR COUNTRY GIRLS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

SUNG TO THE THE TUNE OF "THANK GOD I'M A COUNTRY BOY"

(Written by John Martin Sommers;
performed by John Denver)

Well, life on the farm is kinda laid back.
Country girls like these are so good in the sack.
Watch the two going at it as your penis you whack.
Thank God for these country girls.





Well, a simple kinda life never did them no harm.
Check out that there're hot sluts going *down* on the farm.
Two blondes eating pussy make for rustic charm.
Thank God for these country girls.





Right now you can see they sure love to fiddle.
How we can join in, man, that is the riddle.
Wanna grab our saddle and hop in the middle.
Thank God for these country girls.



Check out Brittney diving in between Briana's thighs. While Briana with a dildo gives her a hard surprise. They sure love the taste of that homemade hair pie. Thank God for these country girls.





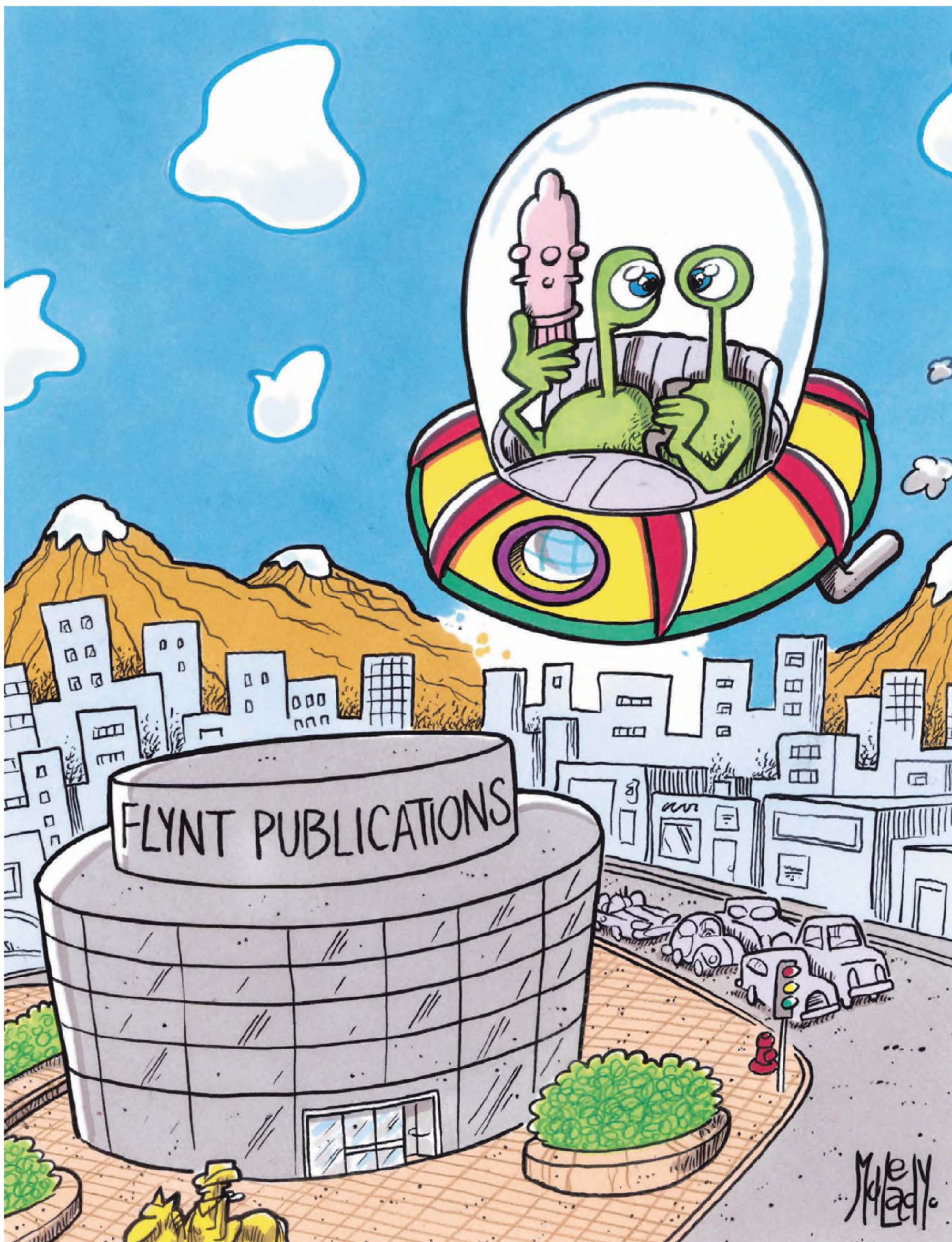
We've watched 'em all day, just a-fucking and a-sucking.
In the background you can hear a banjo plucking.
All this time our corncob we've been shucking.
Thank God for these country girls.





See Brittney Skye wrangle it
in *HUSTLER Centerfolds* #5,
*Snoop Dogg's Hustlaz: Diary
of a Pimp* and
Busty Beauties
#4. Also catch
her in *Big Titty
Woman* #2 from VCA.
Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464
or visit HustlerHollywood.com
to order.





"We're over the Flynt Building. Let's abduct HUSTLER attorney Paul Cambria and shove this probe up his ass!"

*Vicky Vette's life
hasn't been a bed
of roses, but the
bombshell is now
a happy camper.*



THE REAL Vicky Vette

Veteran reporter **Ed Rampell** goes the extra mile for a close-up look at porn's most intriguing star.

VICKY VETTE IS TOPLESS when a studio employee escorts me into her dressing room. It is cramped. Her breasts are perfect. She is illuminated by soft glowing light. Looking into a mirror with ice-blue eyes, the statuesque Norwegian applies some last-minute makeup.

"Sorry for busting in on you," the Danni's Hard Drive staffer apologizes.

Vicky struggles to get into her costume. Thanks to a 36DD-26-36 figure, the 5-foot-6-inch porn star can't find a big enough bra for her upcoming stint as Danni.com's highlights monthly showcase girl.

Out on a boudoir set the clapboard reads, "Vicky Vette Masturbation."

I stand beside a director named Cisco and a Panasonic DV-wielding cameraman. Cisco yells, "Action!" Vicky enters, dancing in her ivory heels. Beneath a boom mike and lights, she stretches across a crimson couch, spreads her long legs, shakes her breasts, pinches her pink nipples, caresses her dirty-blond landing strip. Enjoying herself, Vicky puts her petal to the metal, inserting a vibrator, riding it arms outstretched. As the eager cameraman zooms in, Vicky's hands shake, veins bulge, her body convulses. Spread-eagle, Vicky proudly displays her swollen, reddish pussy.

Cut! Her scene over, Vicky saunters naked to a shower.

As the porn goddess towels off and sashays back to



The glamorous Vicky Vette appeared in HUSTLER December 2003 and July 2004.



Vicky stops by wardrobe and makeup before her Danni's Hard Drive gig.



her dressing room, I build up the nerve to touch her left breast, noting, "Your boobs shook when you came." Vicky grins, making me feel at ease.

Vicky began nude modeling in 2003 at the tender age of 38. After post-

ing a portfolio online, she recalls, the "calls for porn poured in." She submitted pictures to HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest and was later named a Finalist, earning her a trip to L.A. to pose for a pictorial published in the December '03 HUSTLER. Vicky, who would ultimately become *Beaver Hunt*'s 2004 Grand Prize Winner, lensed 60 movies in three months, including *Metropolis* (which won an AVN Award) and *Vicky Vette's Amateur Hos*. The longtime Georgia resident soon launched VickyAtHome.com and began dancing at local strip clubs.

A couple of days after the Danni shoot, I meet up with Vicky and Devon Michaels, an adult entertainer who's been working since age 18. Thirty-something Devon has a bronzed hardbody with toned abs, big implanted knockers and small nips. Back at Vicky's apartment, the two hotties perform a cam show for Vicky's Web site, masturbating and



But Vicky never blushes when she's getting banged on film.

sucking each other. Vicky fakes her orgasm, but Devon's was real. When we get ready to leave, Vicky realizes she'd forgotten to shut the ground floor unit's blinds. Oh, well!

Next, it's off to the Adult Industry Medical Healthcare Foundation in the San Fernando Valley for urine and blood tests. Clad in jeans, orange halter and high heels, Vicky pouts, "I'm tired of getting gonorrhea and chlamydia, then passing it on to my boyfriends."

In the car, I learn that although blind in one eye, Vicky still drives—or at least tries to. Fond of dressing inappropriately in public (like today), she's made panty-revealing miniskirts her apparent garb of choice. Once, I had to point out that her areolas were showing. It should come as no surprise that Vicky is approached frequently, but the busty beauty gets annoyed when men who aren't rich or attractive hit on her. "It's tiresome," she says.

We make a stop to buy a digital microphone at Radio Shack. Back at her place, Vicky eagerly attaches the device to a computer through which she can make free international calls. She's contacting London-based film-licensing attorney Dave Cordrey, a member of her Web site. When Cordrey learned that VV was dancing at L.A.'s Rio strip club in April '06, he flew across the Atlantic to see his dreamgirl. The Brit swept his heartthrob off her feet. Now the lawyer virtually commutes from London to visit his "Petal," as he affectionately calls her. Vicky expects him to arrive the next day.

"How did you find this place?" I ask Vicky of her Beverly Hills residence.

"At first," she replies, "I moved into Dave's [L.A.] place as a renter. Then I became his part-time roommate. So I got an apartment that came with a boyfriend!"

The couple's one-bedroom apartment is on a street of Spanish- and Tudor-style low-rises. The living room sports a piano (42-year-old Cordrey is an aspiring composer) and a stage with congas, guitars and a stripper pole.



Getting tested for STDs is a big part of any XXXer's routine.

Artwork ranges from calligraphy—Japanese characters for "happiness" and "tranquility"—to concert posters, to pop art like a ceramic Incredible Hulk hand. Books such as Baba Ram Dass's *Be Here Now* suggest Dave's spirituality.

The 6-foot-6 Englishman arrives on a Friday. He is personable, charming, looks a bit like an oversized Billy Joel and is absolutely smitten by Vicky. So what's it like being with Vicky Vette?

"She's the sweetest girl in the world," Cordrey raves. "Great! Amazing! I love her to death."

When we arrive at the restaurant Asia de Cuba in the Sunset Strip's Mondrian Hotel, Dave and Vicky are head-turners. All eyes are glued on the larger-than-life couple as we sit on a terrace with huge bougainvillea-bearing flowerpots.

"What's your Georgia home like?" I ask Vicky.

"It's a log cabin in the backwoods," Vicky dreamily replies. Then she asks if I want to go there.

"Sure," I say.

A FEW DAYS LATER, when we arrive at Atlanta International Airport, I get the feeling that *log cabin* may mean different things to different people. Located an hour north of Atlanta, Vic's house is in a gated community and has a faux log façade—hardly the hillbilly shack she evoked back in L.A.

The two-story house—that-porn-built is spacious but messy. Her clothes, gizmos and bric-a-brac consume an office. Self-help books that Vicky never reads line shelves. A fireplace and big-screen TV dominate the living room. She'll spend the night on the large double bed downstairs in the master bedroom. I'll be camping



Vicky is all smiles when reunited with her dream guy, Dave Cordrey.



The "dual resident" prepares for another trip back to her Georgia digs.

out in the small upstairs bedroom, which is crammed with her wardrobe.

As usual, before calling it a day, Vicky works on her Web site, catching up with hundreds of e-mails. She rarely goes to bed before 4 a.m. and rises at 10. The phone rings a lot. Except for Atkins bars, the fridge is empty, her oven untouched.

Oddly, the back door is unhinged, held in place by knives wedged in the cracks. "Why is the back door held in place by blades?" I inquire.

Vicky looks at me as if I'd just broached a very touchy subject. She leads me outside to a tranquil, tree-lined lake in the planned subdivision. Her Shih Tzu, Stinkie, blithely romps in the grass, and ducks swoop down to land on a picnic table. I realize we are settling in for a true heart-to-heart talk.

"When I was five," Vicky starts pensively, "family problems drove me, my mother and her husband from Norway to Montreal. There was lots of alcoholism in my family. I just thought it was normal for people to drink until they passed out, get up the next day and not remember anything. I started drinking at three, abused alcohol and marijuana, suffered blackouts and contemplated suicide until I entered AA at age 20.

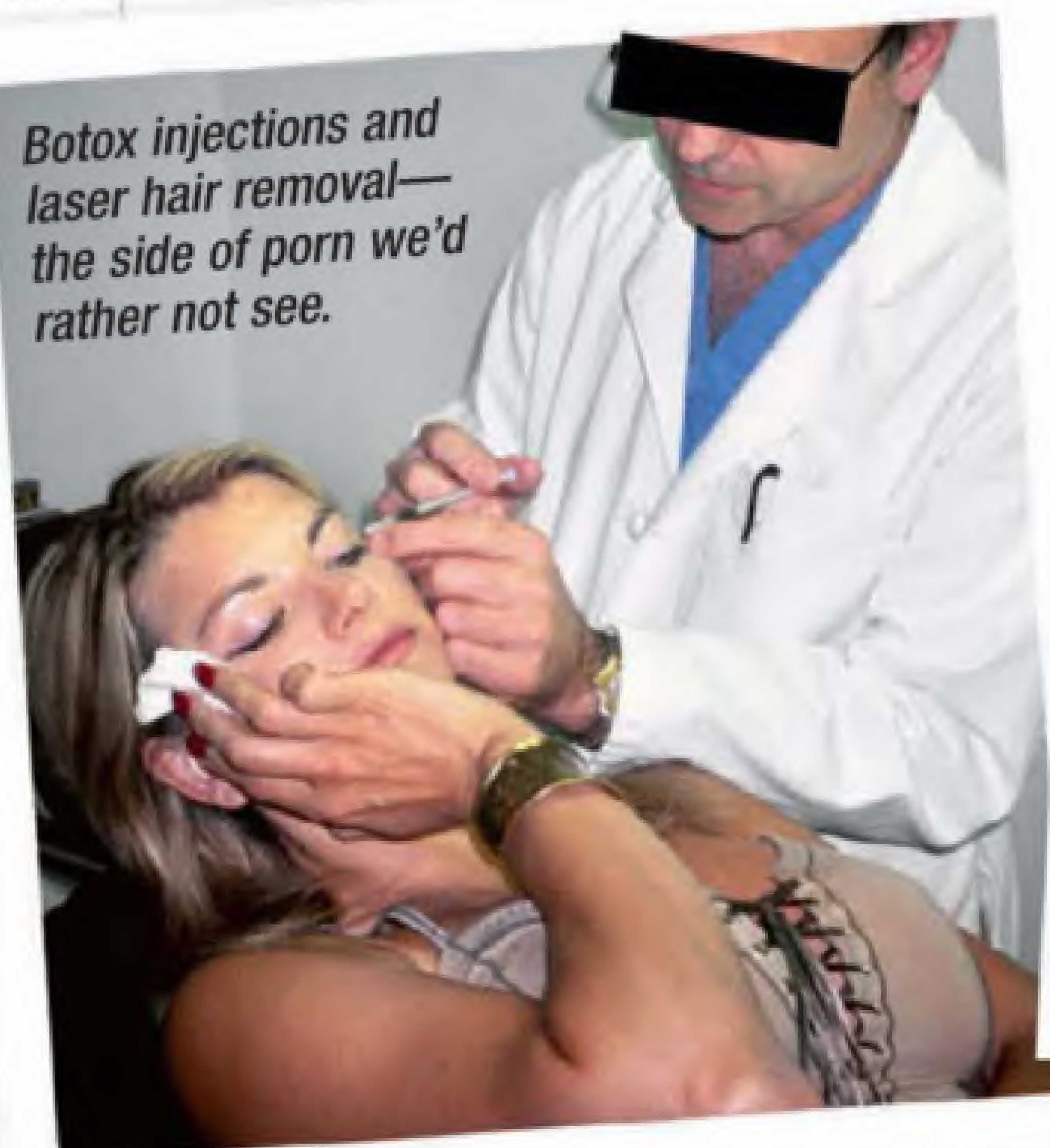
"I studied accounting at Canadian colleges while working for various companies. I always had real conservative jobs, wore suits, carried a briefcase, but lived a double life. Nighttime, I'd be in swing clubs licking pussy, having group sex. When I was 20, I got married in a drunken stupor. It was annulled after three months."

Lost in thought, Vicky shakes her head, recalling the time she went back to Norway a year or so later. Through a meeting arranged by her grandfather, she met her biological father for the first time. Her mother had warned Vicky to avoid her real dad, insisting that any memories she had of him were merely figments of her imagination.

"When we met," Vicky reminisces, "I recognized my father as the man in my memories."

Years later, Vicky met her second husband, Frank, at an Alcoholics Anonymous gathering. He was 15 years older, athletic and handsome. The couple wed, then moved to Georgia in 1998, where they started a business building custom log cabins. On the side, they led a nudist and swingers lifestyle. Unfortunately, throughout their marriage, Frank physically abused Vicky.

"He had a chemical imbalance," Vicky informs me. "He could be Prince Charming, then Frankenstein."



Botox injections and laser hair removal—the side of porn we'd rather not see.

Over the years, Frank became increasingly violent, refusing to go on medication because of the side effects on his libido.

"In early January [2006] the beating was real severe," Vicky continues. "I had to call 911. I locked him out, but he busted the back door right off its hinges."

I recall the question that spurred this deeply moving conversation. Making eye contact with me and close to tears, Vicky tells me that she really believed the police saved her life. "They came just in the nick of time," she murmurs. "He would've killed me."

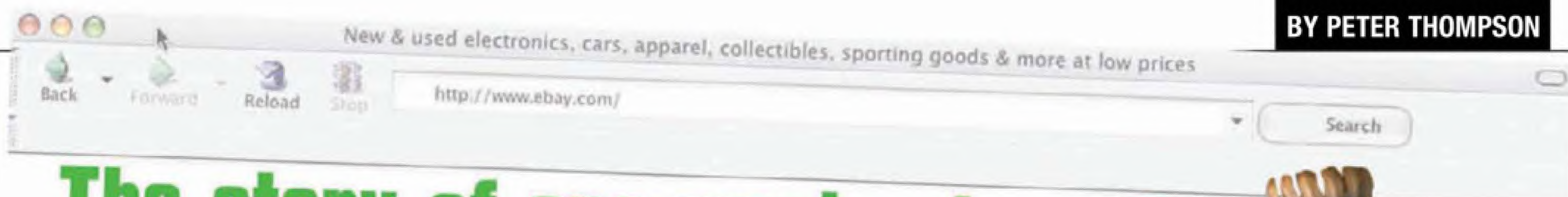
Faced with a five-year prison term and the loss of his soul mate, Frank told Vicky that he'd kill himself in his jail cell if he couldn't live with her anymore. *(continued on page 84)*





Confessions of an **eBay** Opium Addict





The story of one man's struggle with his need for poppy tea.

COLUMBUS DAY ALMOST KILLED ME. I woke up under an avalanche of junkyard pain, my body a trap of torn nerves. An oily rash of sweat had soaked through my pillow and into the mattress. I coughed, confused and crazy with anger. A throbbing chemical sunburn covered my face; my bowels wanted to spit hot mercury. I slid out of bed and dropped to the floor. It felt like the weight of a snarling mountain gorilla was bearing me down. I saw myself in the mirror as I fell. I looked puffy.

Outside, the sun was terrifying. The hiss from a neighbor's dancing sprinkler got into my head; it felt as if my blood was flammable and would ignite at the next *clickity-clack*.

Only the Priority Mail package from my eBay dealer could save me, but the mailbox was empty. I hit the computer. The USPS Web site tracker verified that my poppies had been delivered to Reno (my hometown) at 10:32 a.m.



Where the hell were they? I typed a threatening e-mail to my supplier, but didn't send it. Had my package been intercepted by the DEA?

I stuck some Klonopin under my tongue and drove to the post office, not caring about the consequences of asking for my boxful of poppies. Hell, it's easier to get drugs in fucking prison. But the post office door was stuck. I pushed, pulled. It was locked. Closed for Columbus Day.

Christopher Columbus? No wonder people hate that bastard. He's been dead 500 years and still causes shit.

Back home, I took a dozen Benadryls, but lay awake for the next two days waiting and checking until my package came. The postman had decided to make a long weekend out of the cheap-ass holiday, depriving me of my box-a-day poppies. I had endured the worst part of withdrawal—the first 48 hours—but when that box finally arrived, I ripped its pull string and dumped a dozen pods onto the bed, trying to eat one whole like a starving refugee. I crushed 20 of them and brewed a crude tea, drank it and felt the rabid glow of health return in seconds.

Months prior, looking for a new high, I had decided to try eBay as a drug marketplace. So I typed "poppy pods" into the search bar, steering me to a category labeled Crafts>Floral Supplies>Flowers, Foliage>Dried.

My ensuing query turned up all sizes and quantities of poppies. Some, called *giganteums*, were as big as tennis balls. A special of "600 XXL-sized *giganteums*" went for \$399. Fortunately, for serious crafting projects, financing was available for \$17 per month.

I ordered a few dozen dried flowers from a seller with more than 3,000 positive-feedback points and a name that was a clever double entendre on horticulture and getting high. At first, the plants came rubber-banded by the dozen with the stems intact, but after a few more orders, the seller cut out the pretense and just sent the pods themselves.

Now, with my new shipment at hand, I hastened to make my first batch of poppy tea. The first taste gave off a steamy insult. Even after being filtered twice, the manna was as putrid as warm pus. It seemed completely undrinkable. Its fermented, earthy taste had to be chased with soda. The dark grinds of crushed seed and sediment formed a repulsive grit in a half-ring around the bottom of the mixing bowl.

As I poured the slosh into what would become my ceremonial chalice—a child's plastic cereal bowl with a built-in silly straw—I learned how to deal with the

Peter's Simple Poppy Tea Recipe

1. **Do you really want to do this?** Log onto eBay and search for poppy pods. Order and wait.
2. **Take two to six dried/wet poppies** and place them in a blender. Err on the side of caution and use two to start, unless you drink methadone for breakfast. You don't want to overdose. Trust me. It's possible. I once OD'd and woke up in a puddle of gravylike puke two days later. It felt like I was trapped in a jelly sandwich for the next week. Not nice.
3. **Are you sure you want to do this?**
4. **That part about shitting a dry pine cone** through a tiny hole in a brick is true.
5. **Mix in hot water**, not boiling, just hot enough to scald and blend until liquid.
6. **Pop a couple of Benadryl.**
7. **Add liquor to taste.** I prefer vodka. You can also add a dash of lemon juice. A couple of dashes, actually.
8. **Strain poppy pulp** into ridiculous kiddie bowl.
9. **Hold your breath** and get a firm grip on the floor. This stuff tastes pretty bad.
10. **Chase with liquor** or a sweet soft drink.
11. **Thank our foreign policy in Afghanistan** for allowing the influx of poppies into the eBay conduit.
12. **Always respect the poppy.**



"Oh, no! My best friend and my late wife!"

opium tea's nauseating properties: quick gulps.

Fifteen minutes after downing my first serving of poppy-pod tea, my head was an overstuffed pillow that might have softly imploded at any minute, and it didn't matter. Nothing did. A pleasant pressure settled on the back of my neck. I felt the promise of a divine massage as the sensation spread through my shoulders and opened my ribs like wings. My thoughts slowed down until everything seemed to fold neatly inside everything else.

I needed more. Shaking with drug-induced euphoria, I boiled some water and slurred the mix around until it poured out in a pale, yellow oil. I added some lemon and forced it down. Thirty minutes later I was a poppy plant floating in the vase of my own body. It felt like I had a headache that didn't hurt, just these pleasant vexations best described as an innocent passport to paradise.

By the next morning, things tended to irritate me, and the return of the sun seemed a horrifying affront. I covered the windows with blankets.

Then I had to crap...badly. I would soon learn that opium tea slows down the bowels. As an experienced podhead, I carry laxatives before any major binge. Opium bungs things up the way eating a beach towel might. When bowel movements do finally make their exit, they feel like pine cones being forced through a tiny hole in a dry brick.

I was using 60 crushed pods per day—swallowing gallons of liquid and pissing out about \$300 a week worth of pod matter. Bowl after bowl of bliss, all sucked down with a silly straw. After four months of use, I gained 65 pounds, almost exclusively around the middle, from the constipating bloat and junk-food chasers.

Finally, I ended up at a motel in Carson City, Nevada. My wife hadn't kicked me out. She didn't even tell me to stop drinking the tea. There had been no ultimatum. I just packed three huge boxes of poppies, grabbed the blender and some junk food and drove off. I didn't tell her where I was going. I didn't know. That was my low point.

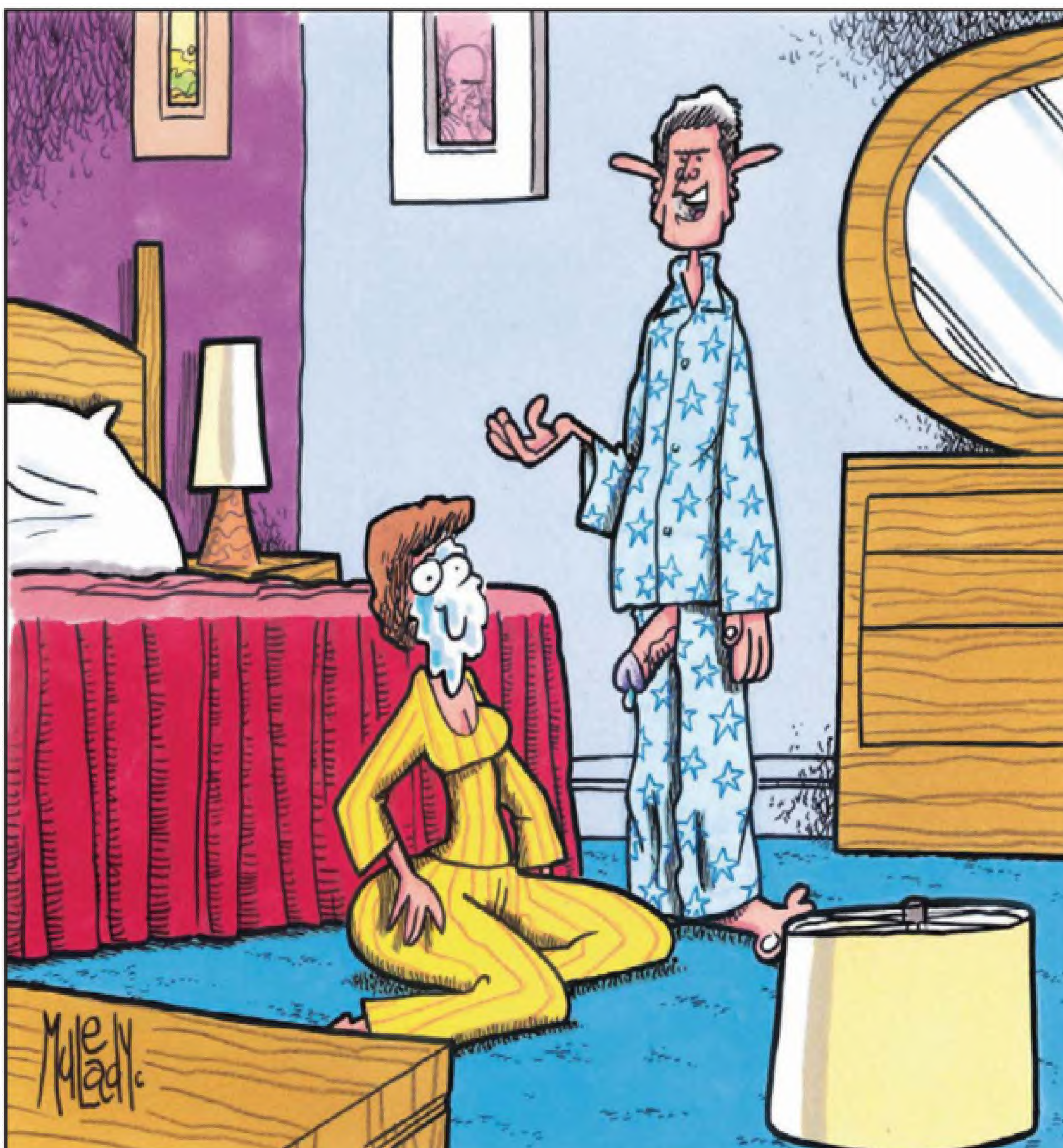
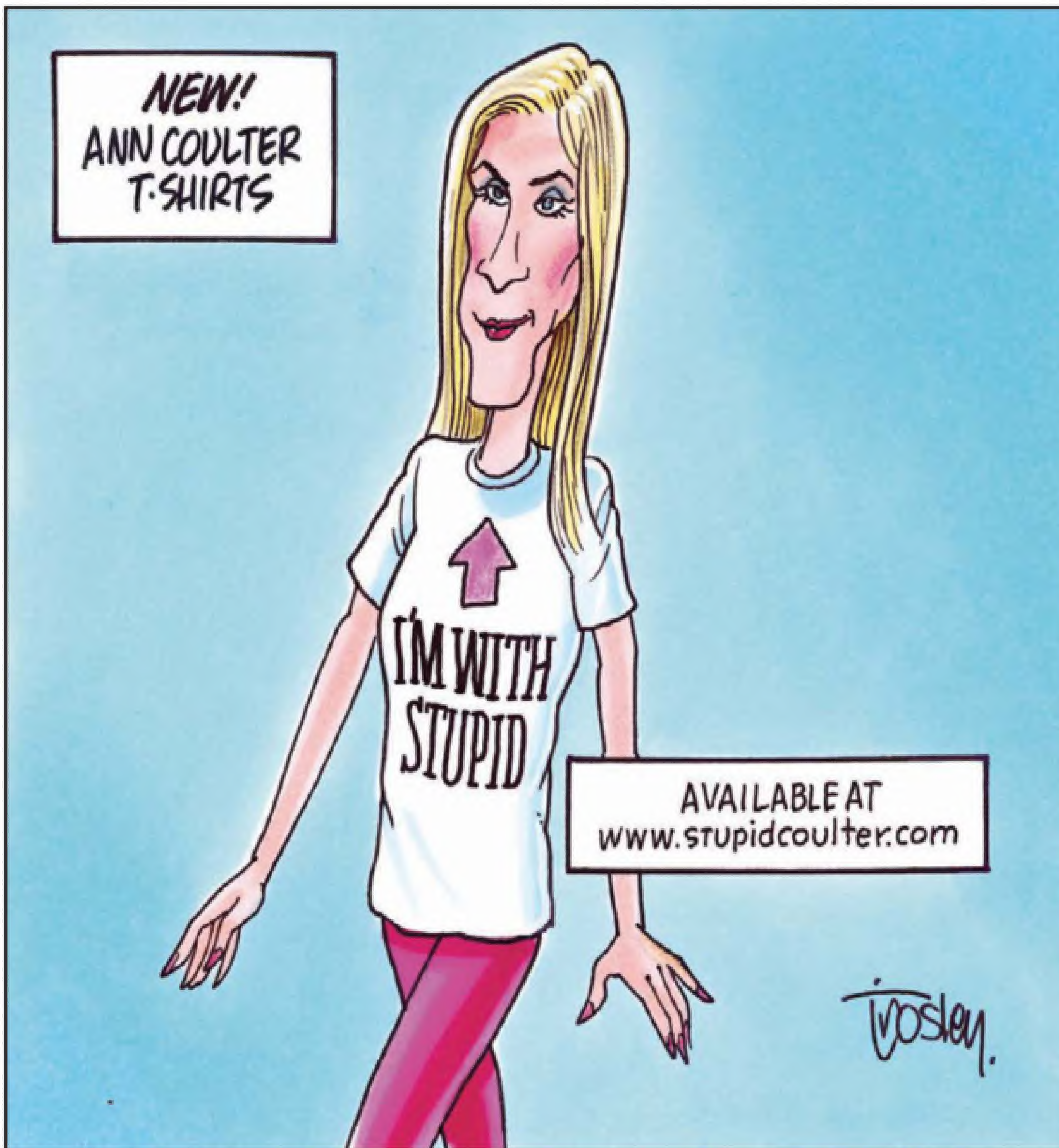
For the next 12 days I stopped cold turkey, my existence nothing but flu-like misery and restless thoughts of sawing off my head with a bowie knife. I also considered lobotomy by knitting needle.

Yes, it was quite a struggle, but I've now been completely off opium tea for almost a year.



Native New Yorker Peter Thompson currently resides in northern Nevada, where he is writing *Pig's Big Win*, a memoir of his marriage to a legal prostitute. The pill-popping former managing editor of *Cheri* magazine is waiting for the statute of limitations to expire on a litany of charges. 🐷





"I'd apologize for blowing my load on your face after I said I wouldn't, but you know me, Laura, I don't give a shit what anyone else thinks!"

(continued from page 79) "I said, 'Well, go ahead and kill yourself,' Vicky whispers. On January 30, 2006, Frank died after injecting himself with cocaine, heroin and other drugs. When pressed on the subject, Vicky says the cause of death was an overdose, but suicide was the motive.

"You were weak to stay in an abusive relationship for 18 years," I say flippantly.

"Living with abuse only proves how *strong* I am," she counters. I shut up.

THE NEXT DAY we head to the Buckhead Plastic Surgery & Cosmetic Surgery Center so Vicky can undergo ELOS (electro-optical surgery) hair removal treatments. In the operating room, she strips and lathers pain-reducing ointment on her underarms, face and genitals.

Lisa, a licensed medical esthetics nurse, performs laser surgery. For two hours Vicky endures pinpricks of concentrated heat. As if it's typical girl talk, Vicky and Lisa chitchat about physical imperfections. "How can I get rid of my zits and facial discoloration from my thyroid condition?" Vicky asks. Lisa recommends the pricey microdermabrasion procedure.

Dr. Alan Larsen then prepares Botox injections to remove Vicky's frown lines. After marking a series of dots up Vic's chin and across her forehead, he injects her 17 times.

A bit later we stop at Solar Nails Beauty Salon. There, Vietnamese beauticians wait on Vicky hand, foot and eyebrow as she sits completely relaxed, ensconced in a throne of mini-whirlpools and massages.

I wait in the lobby with my notepad.

Eventually, I ask Vicky why she is so obsessed with her appearance. Sounding a bit like one of the Stepford Wives, she replies: "People judge a book by its cover and make decisions about you as soon as they meet you. You should be dressed suitably for every occasion. Looking good makes me feel good. When I put on bright colors, cheerful clothes, flowery, feminine stuff, it just makes me feel good, soft, feminine and girly."

RIGHT AROUND MY RETURN TO L.A., late in June '06, Vicky flew to London to celebrate her 41st birthday with Dave. There, Mr. Cordrey proposed to his "Petal."

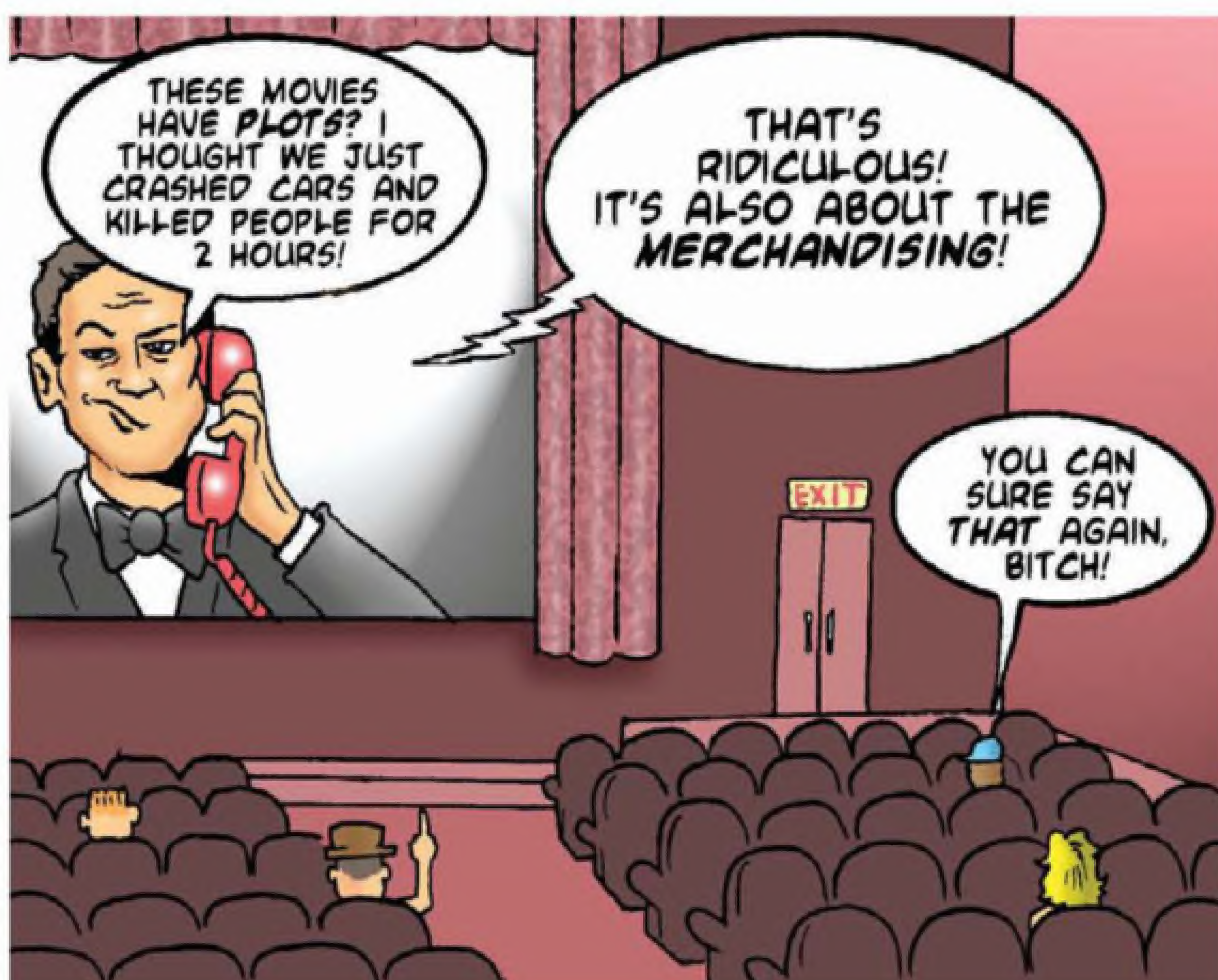
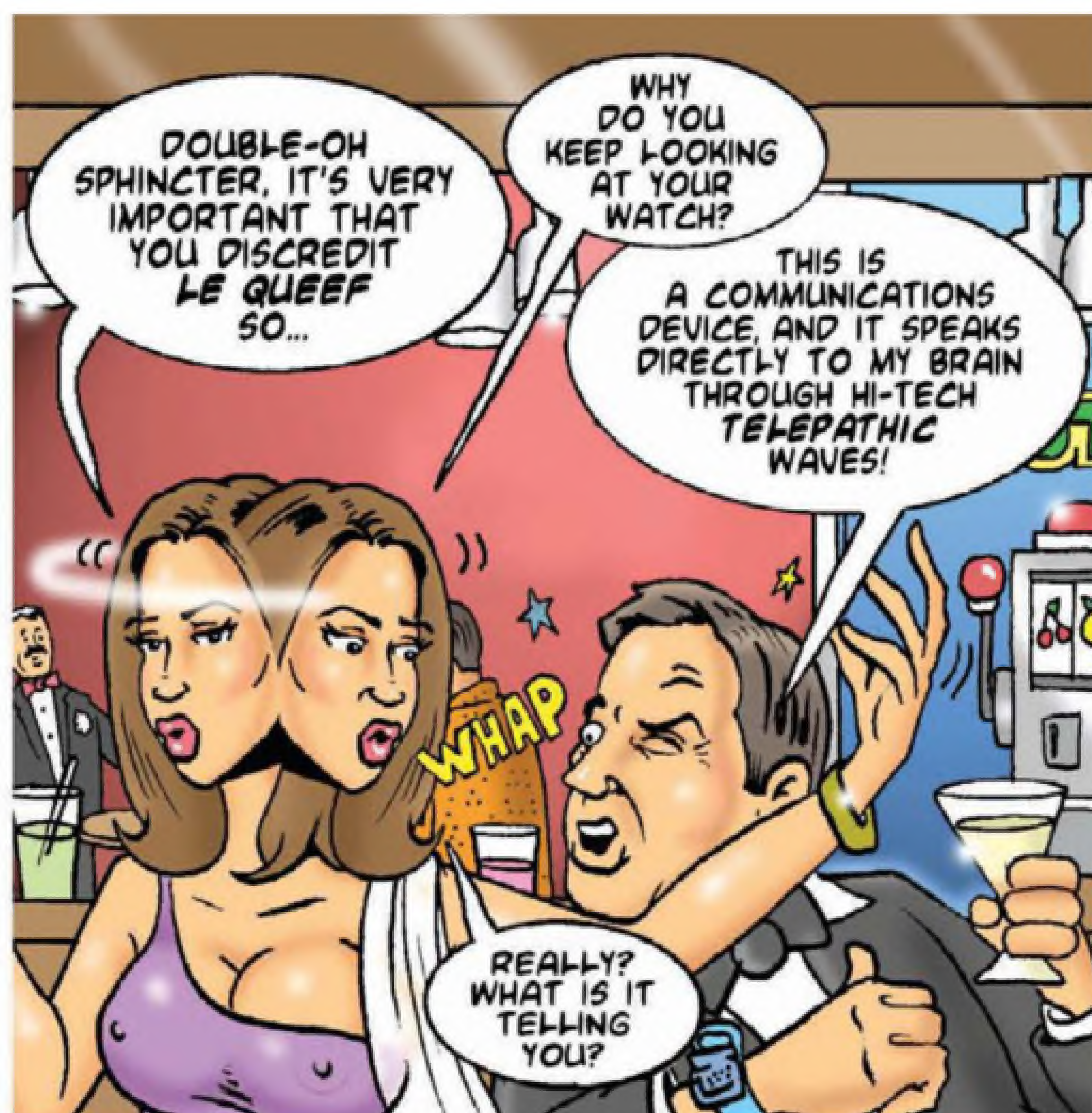
"It's a beautiful ring!" the bride-to-be gushed joyfully to me over the phone. "He said he didn't want to put any pressure on me, but it's a 'symbol of his intention.' He gave me a five-year open-ended engagement."

But you didn't know the life of an adult actress could be so romantic!

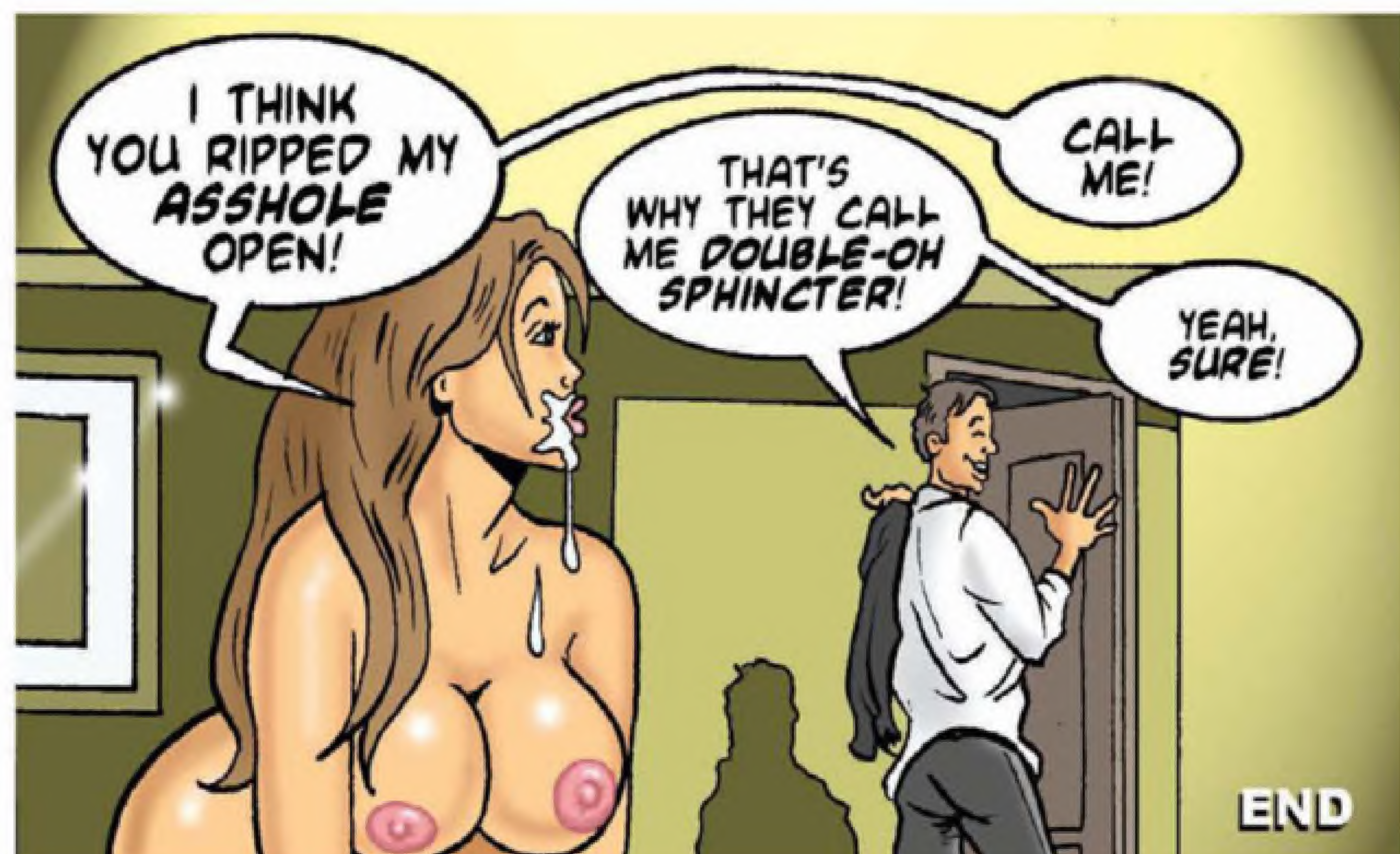
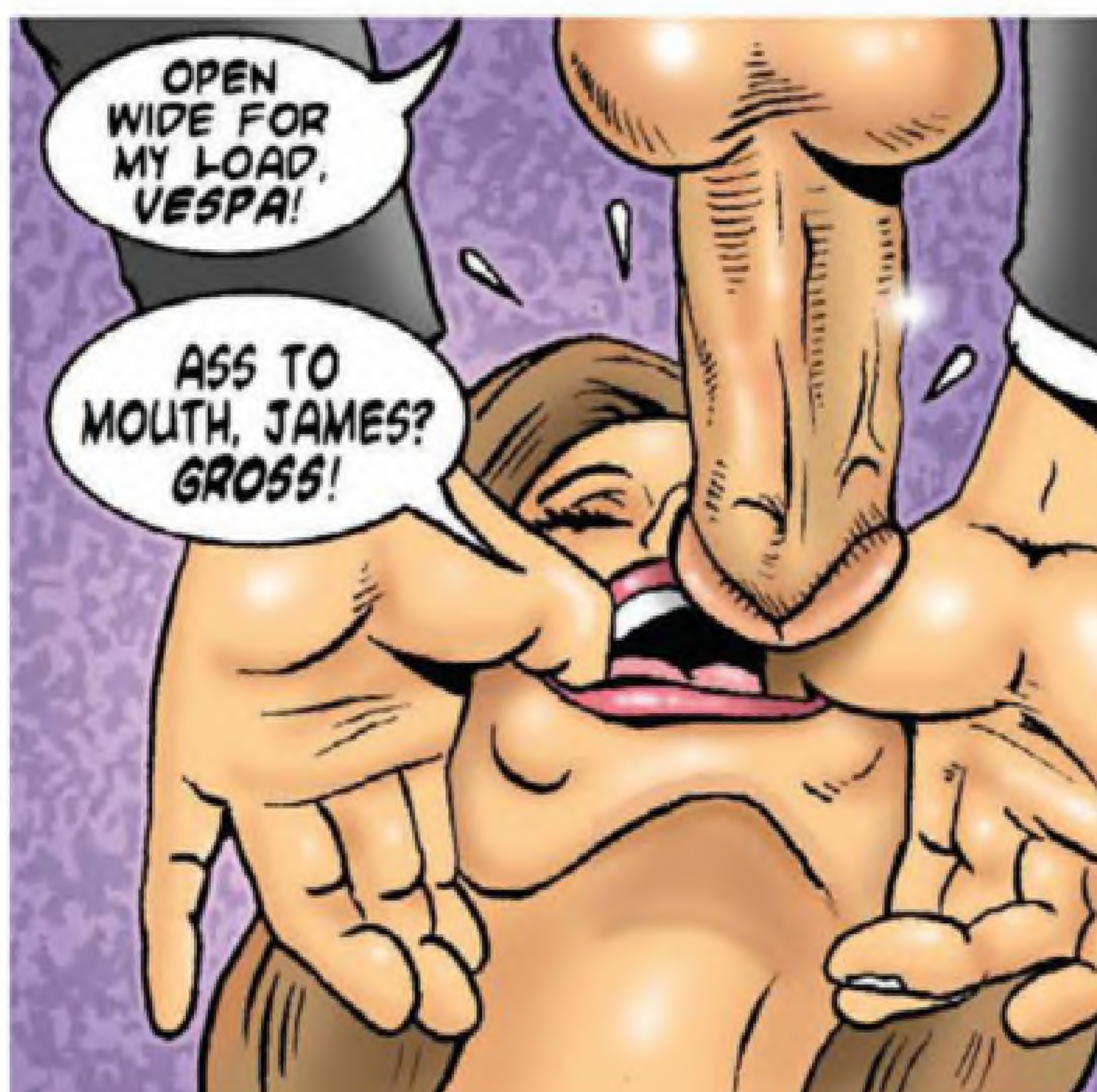


Ed Rampell is co-author of *Hollywood's Films of Hawaii and the South Seas*, *Made in Paradise* and *Pearl Harbor in the Movies*. The frequent *HUSTLER* contributor has reported for *ABC News' 20/20*, *Reuters*, *AP*, *Variety*, *Mother Jones*, *The Nation*, *Alternet*, the *L.A. Times* and the *L.A. Daily News*.











Nancy Ann is a freelance writer contributing insights on love and romance. As a service to happy couples everywhere, she highlights the latest sexual enhancements in the U.S., Canada, and Europe (see www.nancy-ann.com for related columns).

Installment 2
(in an ongoing series)

**Loving
the
Colossal
Load**

WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT: A MONSTER FACIAL

Impress her by increasing your "Ropes"

After posting a letter from a woman who experienced her lover's new-found enormous (and consistent!) orgasms and revealing the European supplement that he used to achieve his power gushes, I've since received a number of letters from curious women who have also experienced their partners' vigorous cumshots. I would like to share an email from another female reader that proves what I've known all along: Not only do women find a man's hearty orgasms deeply erotic, more importantly they also measure male virility and strength not by cock size, but rather by the force and number of orgasmic contractions, ejaculate volume and extended intensity of orgasm stream.

Deanna writes:

My boyfriend and I hate using condoms, and since I don't want to get pregnant, we protect ourselves by using the old-fashion "pull" method: he fucks me silly and then when he's ready to blow his wad he pulls out and releases. Lately we've started watching a lot of porn to spice up our fuck sessions, and although most of the male actors are well-endowed, I've realized I don't get hot by large cock size, instead I'm completely turned on by the way the guys usually finish — shooting loads all over the girls' faces. The more volume and length of the guy's climax, the more orgasmically crazed I become. The idea of being on the receiving end of a monster load is so erotic, I've started begging my man to cum as hard as he can on my face and tits.

Well, I've since become obsessed; each time I find myself wanting more, more and more cum, that is! Don't get me wrong, my sex life is great, but I wish my man's loads were stronger. I'm not only disappointed with my boyfriend's weak finishes, I'm also let down by the majority of lame pops depicted in the skin flicks we watch. But I must say, when I do witness the occasional out-of-the-ordinary onscreen orgasm, I cum almost immediately.

Sensing my "super-load" infatuation, my boyfriend recently experimented with a supplemental enhancer and lately his orgasms have gone from "whispers" to "roars." When he pounds me missionary and pulls out, now he can consistently reach my face with a hot stream of spunk. And he just keeps cumming! I love it so much he lets me grip his cock so I can feel it squirting and pumping. He coats my face, neck and tits constantly. And every time, it never fails: as I drown under his never-ending "ropes," my own orgasms are absolutely "off the chart."

His mammoth loads are far more impressive than most of the male onscreen adult actors, and these ritualistic cumbaths have improved our sex life tremendously. But it



doesn't stop there! He's able to get a second erection right away, starts fucking me again, longer and harder, and ends up giving me yet another huge jizz-drenching!

When I asked him how he strengthened his orgasms, he told me he started using a supplement you recommended in one of your columns (He says he reads your Web advice regularly). I want to know the name of the enhancer so I can pass the info on to my girlfriends. All girls should be so lucky!

Deanna G.
Chicago, IL

Deanna, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out about and using this unique orgasm enhancing supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners. The secret is out:

even though women don't openly talk about it, most of us absolutely crave a giant load!

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated for men to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle, an added bonus — from a woman's perspective — is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these "rope"-like effects during male orgasm.

Serogen is so effective that lately there has been a flood of knock-off products (after all, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery!) that use subpar blends (you can read my orgasm enhancer reviews on my Website). As far as finding Serogen in the States, the original importer is a small distributor called Somalab. Since the success of Serogen, the company recently introduced two new products for men that contain additional premium blends with more benefits than the original. Somalab products ship discretely almost anywhere in the world. These unique supplements can be ordered by contacting the distributor toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.strongerorgasms.info.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann



SH

BREA LYNN

E GETS WEST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

When we catch up with this little darling, she has some very big news. "I've been working as a stripper for a while now and have always wanted to do more," Brea announces. "First, I got to pose nude for *HUSTLER*, and now I just signed a deal with Vivid Video! I'm going to start doing hard-core porn flicks in a couple of weeks, and I'm totally psyched!"

As one would expect, Brea has no inhibitions in the bedroom. "I guess you can say I've fulfilled all of my sexual fantasies at this point," she coos. "I've done and tried everything there is to try. I've been with a couple of guys, a guy and a girl, a couple of girls and even a group. If it feels good, I'm into it."

Of all her sexploits, what does the bodacious goddess like best? "When it comes to guys, I love

BREA LYNN

being on top when I'm getting it on. I also love being fucked from behind. With chicks, it's all about toys. Recently, my girlfriends and I played around with strap-ons, and that was so dirty and so hot!"

Apparently, Brea spends her time away from the lens and brass pole just being a typical girl. "I love to shop," she says. "It's fun to just go out and blow all kinds of money on shoes and sexy little outfits. I also enjoy just hanging out and being lazy. There's nothing better than a nice midday nap—preferably right after some sweaty sex!"

As for what lies ahead, the arousing Arizonan wants even more on her plate. "I would love to be able to complete my degree in nursing while maintaining my porn career," Brea murmurs. "If things work out, I may be able to do both at the same time. After all, who doesn't love a sexy nurse?!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★













“Get It R



Here Now!"
B



XOXO
Breya Lynn

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BREA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN

Chandler, Arizona

AGE

20

BIRTH SIGN

Gemini

EYES

green and hazel

HAIR

blond

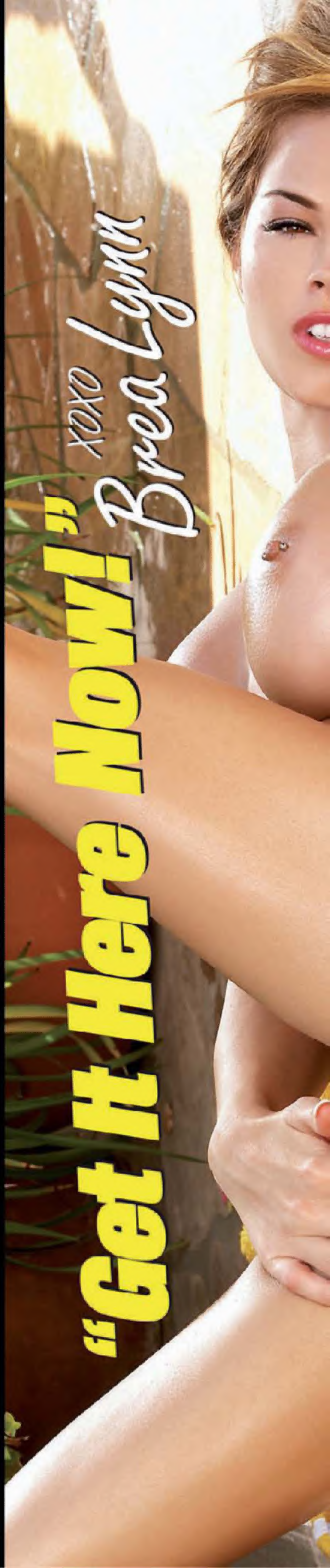
HEIGHT

5-2

MEASUREMENTS

32DD-24-32

"Get It Here Now!" *xoxo Brea Lynn*





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As we struggle to understand the escalating violence in the Middle East, it is important for those of all faiths to recognize these four religious truths:

1. Muslims do not recognize Jews as God's chosen people.
2. Jews do not recognize Jesus as the Messiah.
3. Protestants do not recognize the Pope as the leader of the Christian world.
4. Baptists do not recognize each other at Hooters.



Question: What does a hooker call cock-sucking in the backseat of a Honda?

Answer: *Her Civic duty.*

While traveling through an unfamiliar town, a motorist found himself completely lost. Spotting a fair-haired gal on the sidewalk, he pulled over and asked, "How do you get to Ridgemont?"

The gum-chewing blonde sauntered over, leaned in through the passenger-side window and said, "My aunt takes me."



Question: What happened to the ugly woman who had only two chances to get pregnant?

Answer: *She blew both of them.*

A crusty Native American was asked by a census-taker what his wife's name was, and he replied, "I call my squaw Three Horse."

"That's a strange one," the younger man remarked. "Why Three Horse?"

The Indian muttered, "Nag, nag, nag!"

Two 90-year-old farmers were sitting around bored silly. They had already had sex with all the barnyard animals, and it seemed there was nothing else to do. One geezer turned to his buddy and announced, "You know, we've screwed the sheep, the chickens and the cows, but I ain't really satisfied just yet."

The other farmer suggested, "Well, how about if I screw you?!"

"I don't know, man," farmer one sighed. "That doesn't sound good to me."

"Let's just try it," farmer two insisted. "If you don't like it, just make an animal noise, and I'll stop. If you like it, just sing me a song, and I'll know I can continue."

So the first farmer dropped trou, bent over and let his pal sodomize him. In less than a minute he was bellowing, "Mo-o-o-o-o-o-o-n River...!"

A plain Jane went into a tattoo parlor to get a Santa Claus for the inside of her left thigh. Noticing a Pilgrim tattooed on the woman's right inner thigh, the artist asked if there was any significance to the bewildering combination.

The chick explained, "I just want my boyfriend to stop grumbling that there's nothing good to eat between Thanksgiving and Christmas!"

Question: Why do Sumo wrestlers shave their legs?

Answer: *So nobody will mistake them for lesbians.*



Best friends Fred and Harold were sitting at the bar on a Saturday night when Fred, a real wise guy, blurted out, "I think I might have to call my doctor on Monday."

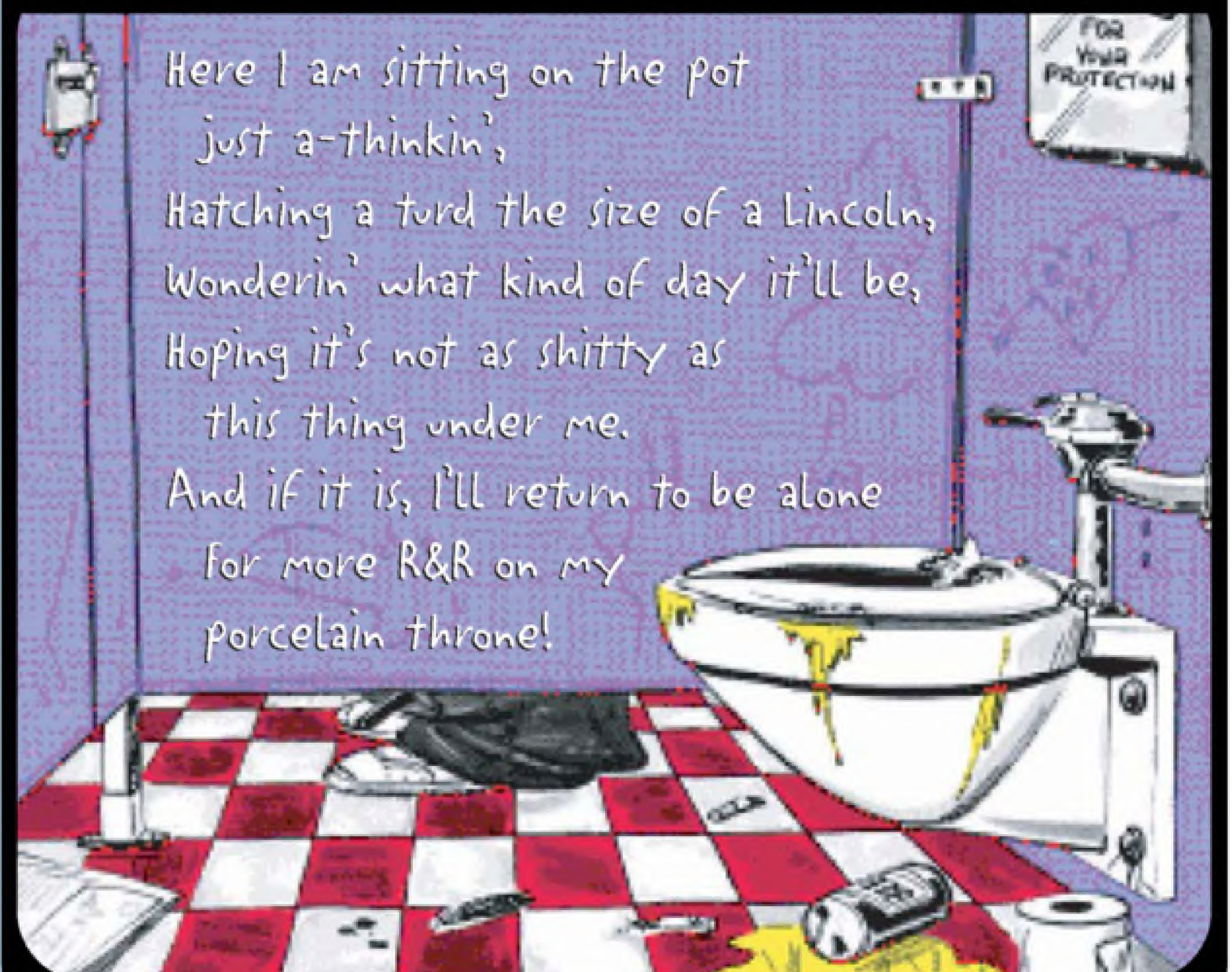
"Why?" the always-serious Harold asked. "What's wrong?"

"Last night I noticed a big lump on my dick," Fred confided.

"Gee," his sensitive pal huffed. "That sounds scary!"

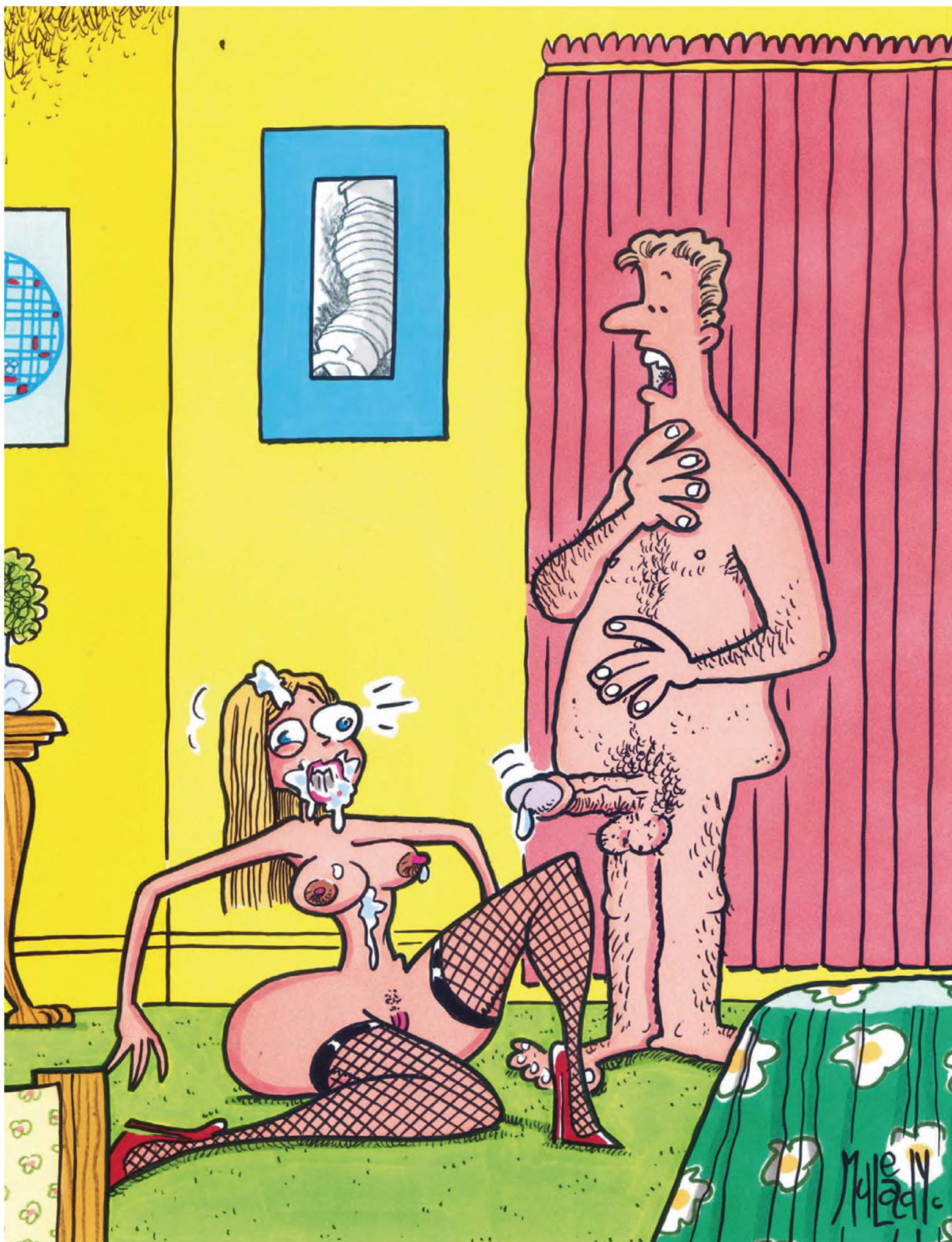
About to burst out laughing, Fred delivered the punch line: "Fortunately, after a couple of hours, she put on her panties and went home!"

GRAFFiLTHY



Thanks and \$50 go to Ron S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Damn, I wasn't gonna come in your mouth, but my dick went ahead and did it anyway!
I think we have conclusive evidence here of intelligent design."

Motörhead—tough as nails! Left to right: drummer Mikkey Dee, bassist/vocalist Lemmy and guitarist Phil Campbell.

PHOTO BY ROBERT JOHN



motörhead

BY TOM FARRELL

LEMMY LETS LOOSE

IF THERE WERE A MOUNT RUSHMORE for hard rock and heavy metal, Lemmy Kilmister would be Abe Lincoln. Born in England on Christmas Eve 1945, the son of a derelict-dad clergyman became a roadie for the great Jimi Hendrix. Then, after getting the boot from the British group Hawkwind, bass-playing Lemmy founded Motörhead in 1975, relentlessly slogging through album after tour to carve a

name for his renegade, groundbreaking band.

Now over 60, but showing no signs of slowing down, the venerable metal icon met up with us at his favorite haunt—West Hollywood's legendary rock hangout the Rainbow—and gave us an earful on the latest Motörhead CD (*Kiss of Death*), the group's fans, the world situation and his assessment of Britain's Bush-lackey prime minister, Tony Blair.

HUSTLER: We don't understand how a guy can go from a prog band like Hawkwind to the working man's metal of Motörhead.

LEMMY: That was a great band, Hawkwind. I enjoyed being in that band. There was a rock element in Hawkwind. But I got fired; that's how I got out.

Didn't you once get busted for possession of speed at the Canadian border?

“America used to be pretty popular in Europe. Now it’s a bad word.”

They charged me for cocaine, but it wasn’t—aha! So it was wrongful arrest, but I got thrown out [of the country].

And out of the Hawkwind ashes rose Motörhead, which has churned out more than 20 awesome albums. Tell us about your new release, *Kiss of Death*.

It’s a really good album. You should go out and buy three copies and make me a million-aire. If you feel like taking a chance on your hearing, go get it. (*Smiles.*) It’s a good rock ‘n’ roll album. If you like rock ‘n’ roll, you’ll like this album.

AC/DC has always said, “We’re not a heavy metal band. We’re a rock band that plays very loud.”

They always say that! I’ve been saying that about Motörhead for years, and nobody took any fucking notice! We always played rock ‘n’ roll.

Your sound has remained firm and uncompromising for decades.

Well, if you have a good idea, why fuck with it?

You’ve never catered to trends or gone disco like KISS did with “I Was Made for Loving You.”

How did they get away with that?! I don’t know how they managed to get away with that shit. And they still have credibility. Motörhead doesn’t bow to trends. We have final say over everything.

English and European metal fans seem more supportive than American fans.

They never let go of it, really. Maybe in England, but in Germany, Denmark and Sweden—places like that—they never took on other trends. America is ruled by the media. You can’t do anything by word of mouth because the country is so big, so you have to go to radio, but radio never plays anything risky. Everything on radio is safe, which sucks.

That’s been a complaint of metal and hard rock bands since the early ‘80s.

It’s still true. Heavy metal and hard rock are some of the most popular music forms on the planet, but they’re not fairly represented on the radio.

What country boasts the most ardent Motörhead fans?



*“Joe Petagno is a fine individual. He told me so himself. And you can’t argue with facts like that.” So says Lemmy in his intro to the Feral House book **Orgasmatron: The Heavy Metal Art of Joe Petagno**. Besides inking a ton of Motörhead album covers, Petagno is responsible for the group’s logo, Snaggletooth, whose broken choppers mirror Lemmy’s. **Orgasmatron** contains an array of heavy metal and Motörhead art, including “Self Portrait With Motörhead” (above).*

Probably Germany. We always had a big following in Germany, and they stuck with us when we couldn’t get arrested. We could always go to Germany and make some money and be able to survive. We owe our existence in many ways to Germany. We’ve seen German Motörhead fans with our logo tattooed all over their bodies—their backs, faces, everywhere.

We also do very well in England these days after a long hiatus. We couldn’t get arrested in England for ages. Since I moved to America, we’ve taken on the foreign band approach, and foreign bands are always more popular in

England than the homegrown ones, but that’s probably true everywhere.

If you weren’t doing Motörhead, what would you be doing?

I’d probably be in jail. (*Laughs.*)

For what?

I dunno. Drinking. Underage women. I dunno.

Remember, the age of consent is 16 in Utah and South Carolina, among others.

It’s 16 in England. It’s 16 in most of Europe.

Here, you can vote and enlist at 18, but you can’t legally drink until you’re 21.

What’s wrong with that picture? You can go

“They hit you where you live, and they achieved what they wanted to do: They fucked up American society.”



PHOTO BY STEVE LUNA

and get killed, but you can't have a drink?!

The world is in a pretty shitty state these days, and a lot of fingers are rightfully pointing to George W. Bush.

"I always hated Tony Blair. I thought he was a cunt from the beginning."

Well, if the cap fits. I mean, it is mostly his fault, isn't it? He's turned the whole world against America in four years. America used to be pretty popular in Europe. Now it's a bad word.

The 9/11 attacks shook America to the core. We thought we were untouchable and well-protected by two oceans. We've always had that sense, and it backed our policy of isolationism.

But it's not really isolationism when you're sending your army abroad to fuck people up. America's never been bombed before. The nearest they ever got was Hawaii, and that's 3,000 miles away.

And when the Japanese hit Hawaii in 1941, we went through the fucking roof.

Well, you went through the roof when [terrorists] hit New York too. New York was much worse than anywhere else could've been. They could've bombed Washington, D.C., and it wouldn't have been as bad. They hit you where you live, and they achieved what they wanted to do: They fucked up American society. Now you can't even get on a plane without having to go through torture. It's no good, and it's not more secure than it used to be.

What are your thoughts on British Prime Minister Tony Blair?

He's George Bush's poodle. I always hated Tony Blair. I thought he was a cunt from the beginning. The new age, the New Labour [Party]. I knew he was a cunt. Never

trust anyone who smiles that much.

Your labelmate, Morrissey, once remarked, "We don't hate you, America. We're terrified of you."

I don't think so. We're not terrified of you. At least not the British. Because we've always been fighting alongside you. Why should we be terrified of you? But the Iraq war is just fucked. You've got yourself a brand-new Vietnam. Same thing with Afghanistan. You can't win there. You can't win either of them. And as more Americans get killed there, the more despicable it gets. You should pull out of there and just build a stadium and charge tickets.

Nah, Halliburton would overcharge us for the stadium. And the Iraqis would just blow it up.

Yeah, Cheney's the worst one. He's the Machiavelli behind Bush. And that fucking Rumsfeld, what a twat he is.

Many once-apolitical bands are addressing the war in Iraq. What's Motörhead's stance?

Motörhead is apolitical. We hate all the politicians. I hate the politicians in Iraq as much as I hate the politicians in America and England. They're all a bunch of lying, thieving, cheating bastards as far as I'm concerned. One thing I've seen over time: It doesn't matter who you vote for; you always end up with the government.

Meet the new boss, same as the old one?

Yeah, and as soon as they become the government, they fuck you! It's happened all through human history. As soon as they become the leader, you become the follower. Then you're fucked.

Looking back over the years, who are some of your favorite bands?

Deep Purple is [among] the best of them, and AC/DC's probably the best band on the planet. Most of the bands I like are rock 'n' roll bands. I don't really like heavy metal much. There's not a lot of good heavy bands. I mean, Iron Maiden's painting by numbers, more or less. I like Girlschool and Saxon—they're still going—and Zakk Wylde's very good.

Look for Lemmy's new monthly war game review starting next month in the *Game On* section. ■

SIX-PACK

CDs and DVDs worth looking into.

GREG THE BUNNY

Best of the Film Parodies

Shout Factory

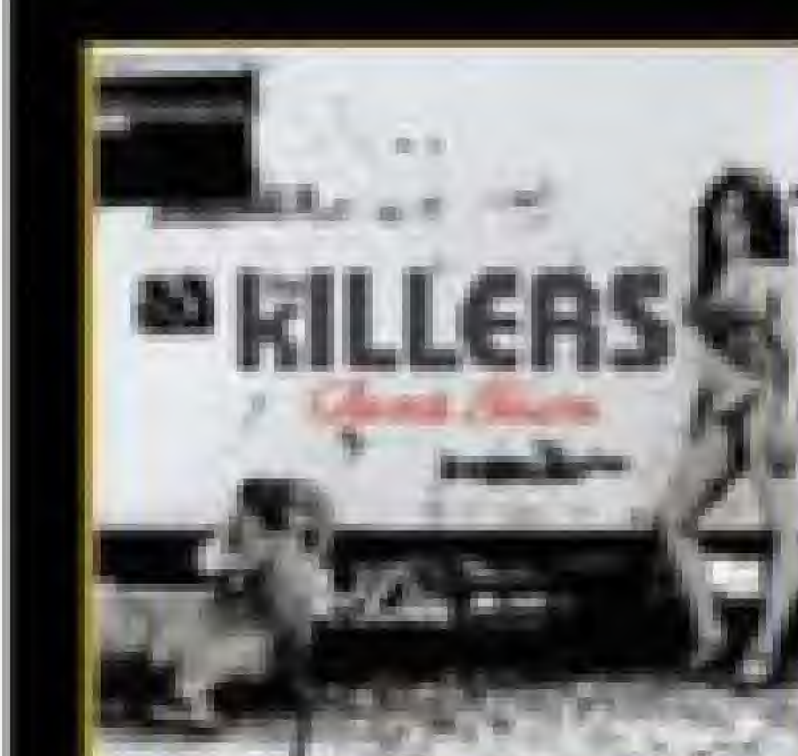


The Bunny is back! Proving that even network cancellation can't keep a good puppet down, Greg The Bunny returns to his IFC roots to mock some of Hollywood's classic films in this two-DVD set. Seth Green returns, along with puppet pals Warren The Ape and Count Blah. Make no mistake; this is not the family-friendly Fox sitcom. *Greg The Bunny* features plenty of graphic violence, illegal drug use, nudity and some puppet sex. —Keith Valcourt

THE KILLERS

Sam's Town

Island



With this powerful sophomore outing, The Killers leave no doubt that they're more than a one-album wonder. The band's songwriting is still world class and conjures the ghosts of '80s stalwarts The Fixx, Midnight Oil, Oingo Boingo, Psychedelic Furs and more. Top-notch stuff. —Tom Farrell

RUN RUN RUN

Endless Winter

Song & Dance Records



Inspired by late '60s psych-rock outfits and early '90s shoegazers like My Bloody Valentine, the L.A. indie band forges a debut album of hypnotic pop with a rhythmic kick. For a fresh take on an old sound, check out their upbeat, nearly unrecognizable cover of Mazzy Star's hit "Fade Into You." —Kevin Wright

PIXIES

Acoustic: Live in Newport

Eagle Rock Entertainment



In 1965 Dylan went electric at the Newport Folk Festival. Forty years later the Pixies unplugged at the same renowned venue for their acoustic breakout. Stripped of the band's trademark feedback and distortion, the melodies and songwriting chops shine on 22 fan-favorite songs. Reunited and rejuvenated, the alternative rockers have created a truly unique concert experience, captured for posterity on 35mm film. —K.W.

R.E.M.

And I Feel Fine: The Best of the

I.R.S. Years 1982-1987

EMI



This deluxe edition gathers the Georgians' standout material released on the I.R.S. label, with a second CD of rare and unreleased tracks. If you're up for even more vintage R.E.M., there's *When the Light Is Mine*, a DVD that features the group's videos, live cuts and memorable TV appearances. —K.V.

JIGGA JONES

Various

Fall Thru Entertainment



Jigga Jones is a "documentary" about a man named Jiggaboo Jones, an L.A. street thug who wants nothing more than to take your money. Through it all, like some guru on an 8-ball of coke, Jigga spouts his unique brand of ghetto wisdom, proving to the world that he is truly a psychopath. "There's nothing like cuttin' a man's finger off and feedin' it to his ass," the lunatic Jones says. —Hans Feuersinger

NEWS

FORGET PARIS—OR AT
LEAST HER NEW ALBUM

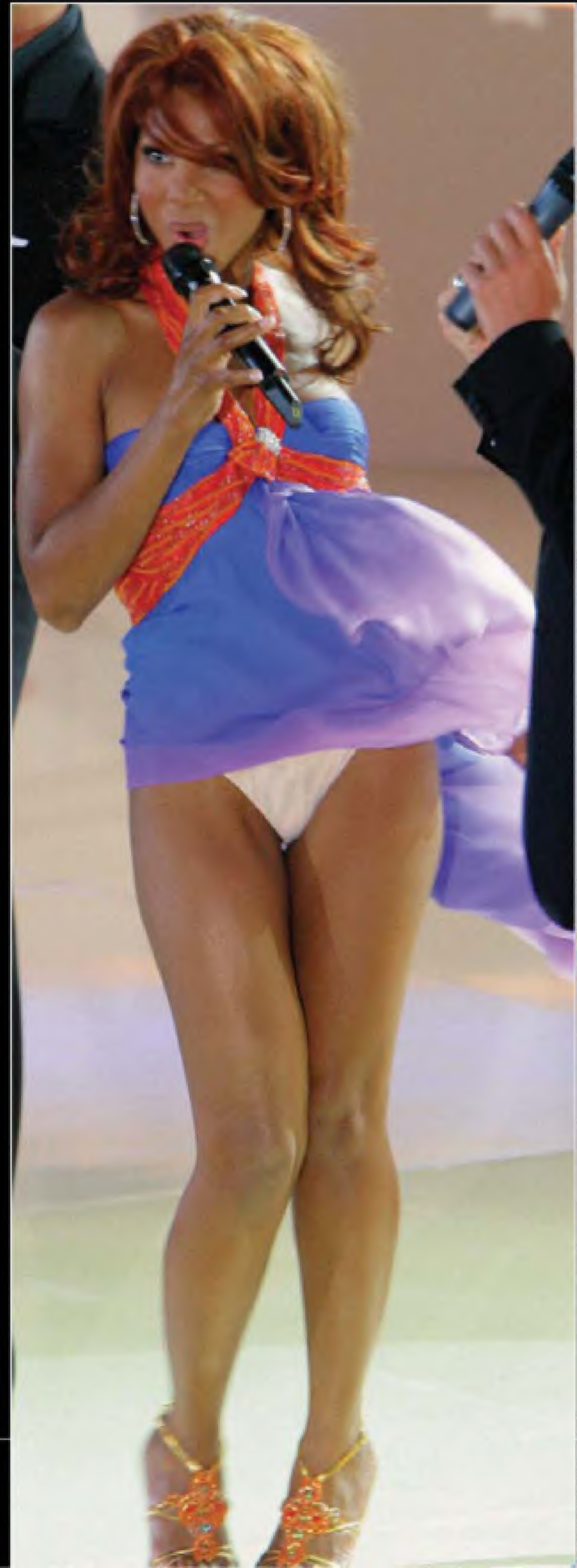
VAPID. SOULLESS. BLAND. INSIPID. And that's just the look on Paris Hilton's face adorning the CD cover. The little rich girl who's famous for being famous for doing nothing offers up her vocal debut. The disc is ten tracks of overproduced, lame dance pop; and if that weren't bad enough, she tackles Rod Stewart's "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" If you thought it wasn't possible to make one of the suckiest songs of all time even suckier, you were wrong. Deep down, we will all admit to wanting to bone the alluring hotel heiress, but we wish she would do us all a big favor by forgetting "music" and returning to her greatest talent: homemade porn. —Keith Valcourt



**Lindsay
Lohan**



**Toni
Braxton**



Maria Sharapova, Lindsay Lohan and Toni Braxton!

GAME, SET AND *SNATCH!*

Perky tennis pro **Maria Sharapova** was in the throes of victory at the U.S. Open when our shutterbug caught this shot of the new champion's tightly packed pussy lips. Sure, the 19-year-old Russian walked off with the coveted women's single crown, but we're the real winners with a clear view of the sporty babe's cameltoe. If only more of **Maria's** rivals donned similar sexy undergarments, then you could even call us tennis fans! We're suckers for girls who wear supersnug panties and love fuzzy balls.

That's party-girl fave **Lindsay Lohan** offering a refreshing peek before climbing into a car in Malibu. Sorry, **Paris**, but you are no longer "hot." It's nice to see the 20-year-old actress looking so healthy. Boobjob or not, we always love us some **Lohan**!

What do you do if you're a pop singer whose career has hit the skids? Be like R&B diva **Toni Braxton** and let the world have a look at your panties and ass! We may not remember the fox's hit tunes, but we definitely won't forget these uplifting images, which were gleaned from German TV's *FIFA World Cup Ticket Show*. G-O-O-O-A-L!

Got any revealing pictures of well-known figures? Contact us by shooting off an e-mail to NakedCelebs@LFP.com. 📧



MOVIE

Mammaries

The “skin” flicks of **Uma Thurman**

UMA THURMAN has one of the most impressive bodies in Hollywood, and—thankfully—she doesn't mind getting naked. Starting with a topless scene in *Dangerous Liaisons* (1988), **Uma** has never been afraid to let the world have a peek. She soon followed with *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, which offers a glistening glance at her nubile nipples. Then came the comedy *Where the Heart Is*. The good news is the flick features a totally nude **Uma**; the bad news is that she's covered with body paint. For another eyeful of **Uma** titty, catch *Mad Dog and Glory* (1993). Since then, the leading lady has added only one film to her clothes-off résumé, 2000's French drama *Vatel*, a straight-to-video dud that exposes **Uma's** ta-tas and sexy ass.

**DANGEROUS
LIAISONS**

**THE ADVENTURES
OF BARON
MUNCHAUSEN**

KELLY MONACO in *Idle Hands*

RACHEL HUNTER
in *Two Shades of Blue*

TATUM O'NEAL
in *Circle of Two*

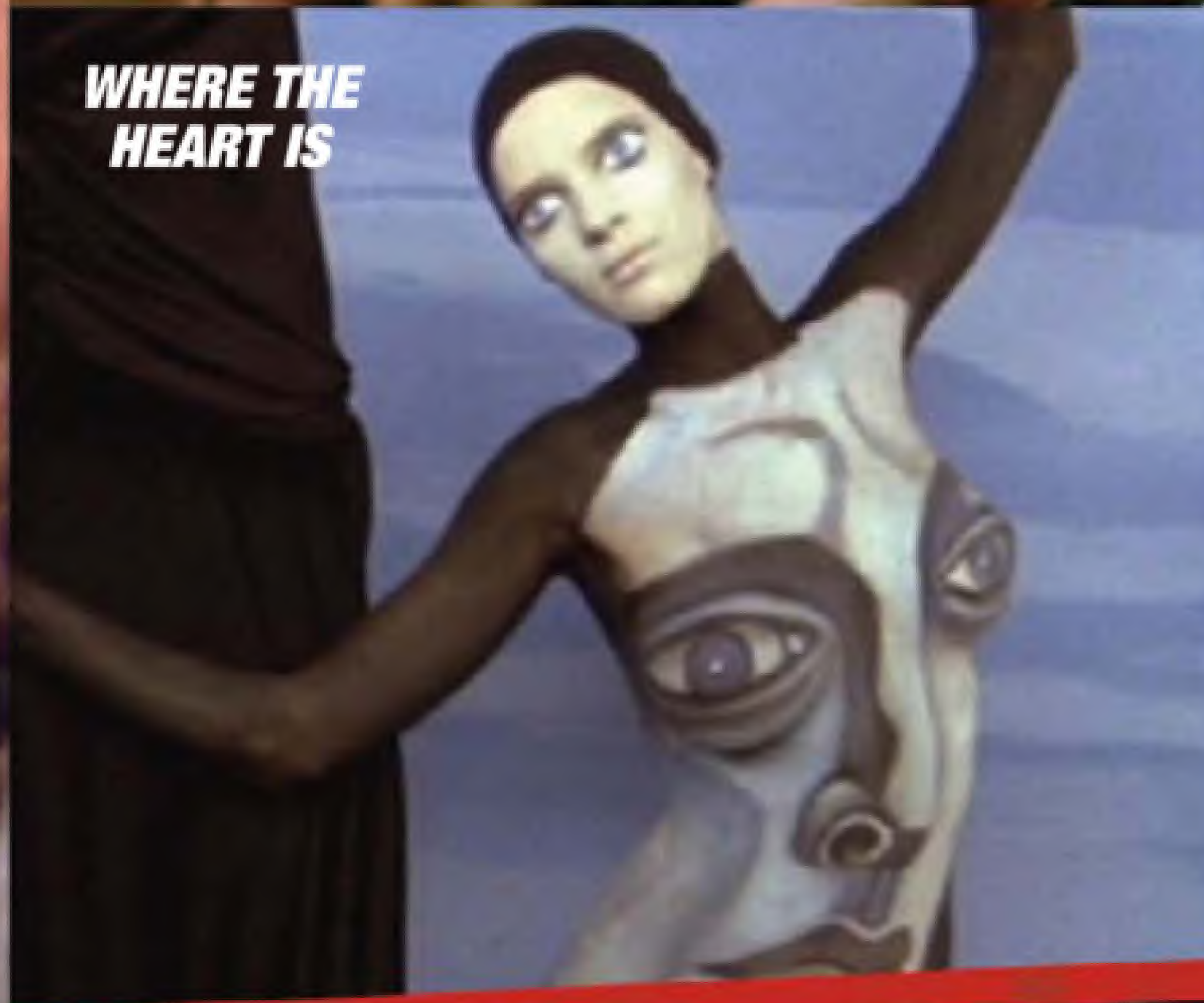
VIVICA A. FOX
in *Booty Call*



MAD DOG AND GLORY



VATEL



WHERE THE
HEART IS

BONUS BOOBIES! Dancing With the Stars...Topless

SHANNA MOAKLER
in *Seeing Other People*



THE ABC TELEVISION REALITY SHOW *Dancing With the Stars* is a huge hit. Week after week, tens of millions of viewers tune in to watch a bunch of has-been celebrities try to dance.

The first season of *DWTS* (2005) featured two tasty tarts who took topless turns in their early acting careers. Soap opera star **Kelly Monaco** (*General Hospital*) had a banner year in 1999 with boob-baring roles in *Late Last Night* and *Idle Hands*. Supermodel **Rachel Hunter** (who was once married to rocker **Rod Stewart**) gave us a moment of cinematic pleasure in *Two Shades of Blue*. Recently, Hunter performed a tantalizing striptease in the Fountains of Wayne rock video "Stacy's Mom."

Dancing's second season (2006) was notable because **Tatum O'Neal** was a contestant. Several decades ago the nubile, young **Tatum** (daughter of

bloated actor **Ryan O'Neal**) became a very immodest film star. First, 1980's *Circle of Two* included a scene of **Tatum** frolicking naked. Later, *Little Darlings* let us see a little nipple. Finally, in 2002, **Tatum** performed another breast-baring love scene in the straight-to-video flop *Home Front*.

The latest season of *DWTS* includes two more lovely ladies who've given skintastic performances. **Vivica A. Fox** offered **Tom Cruise** some nasty bump-and-grind in **Oliver Stone's** *Born on the Fourth of July*, then displayed her scrumptious chocolate melons in the aptly named comedy *Booty Call*. Meanwhile, **Shanna Moakler** (of *CSI* fame) showed off her ample bosom in 2004's *Seeing Other People*.

Every month we bring you the best in famous flesh. Let us know what you think by e-mailing NakedCelebs@LFP.com.



DA



ISY MARIE

BE ALL THAT
YOU CAN BE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

DAISY MARIE

Although we don't agree with the Bush regime's reasoning for going to war in Iraq, we do support the troops. So does this tasty little tart. "I feel so bad for the guys fighting over there," Daisy Marie declares, "and I hope they can stay safe and will come home real soon. Maybe these pictures will make their ordeal a little easier."

Not only is Daisy a compassionate young woman, but she's also an aficionada of high-caliber weaponry. "I'm into big guns," she states unequivocally. "By that, I mean large cocks! I love a man with a massive member—as long as he knows how to use it. He also has to like eating pussy. I love it when a hot guy buries his face into my wet twat. If he does that right, I'm more than willing to return the favor and suck him hard."

Does Daisy recruit only hombres for bawdy bivouacs? "Hell, no!" she squeals. "Why would I restrict myself to that when there are so many sexy chicks out there who want to play with me too?"

How does the petite video vixen spend her free time away from the camera? "I work out like a fiend to keep my body tight," she answers. "I spend a couple of hours a day in the gym. I also enjoy swimming, running and riding my bike. For fun I'm into hitting the clubs. I hook up with some of my hottest Latina girlfriends, and we all go dancing. I love shaking my ass till the early morning light."

Where does delicious Daisy see herself in the future? "I love posing nude and making porn flicks," she pipes. "So I hope this can be my job for years to come. Maybe someday I'd like to settle down and have kids, but not for a long, long time!"



See Daisy Marie blossom in HUSTLER's *Aphrodisiac* and *Barely Legal Corrupted #4*, and in *Latina Dayworkers* and *Silver Lake Scenesters* from VCA. All titles available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.















DAISY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN

Los Angeles

AGE

21

BIRTH SIGN

Leo

EYES

smoky brown

HAIR

brown

HEIGHT

5-2

WEIGHT

98

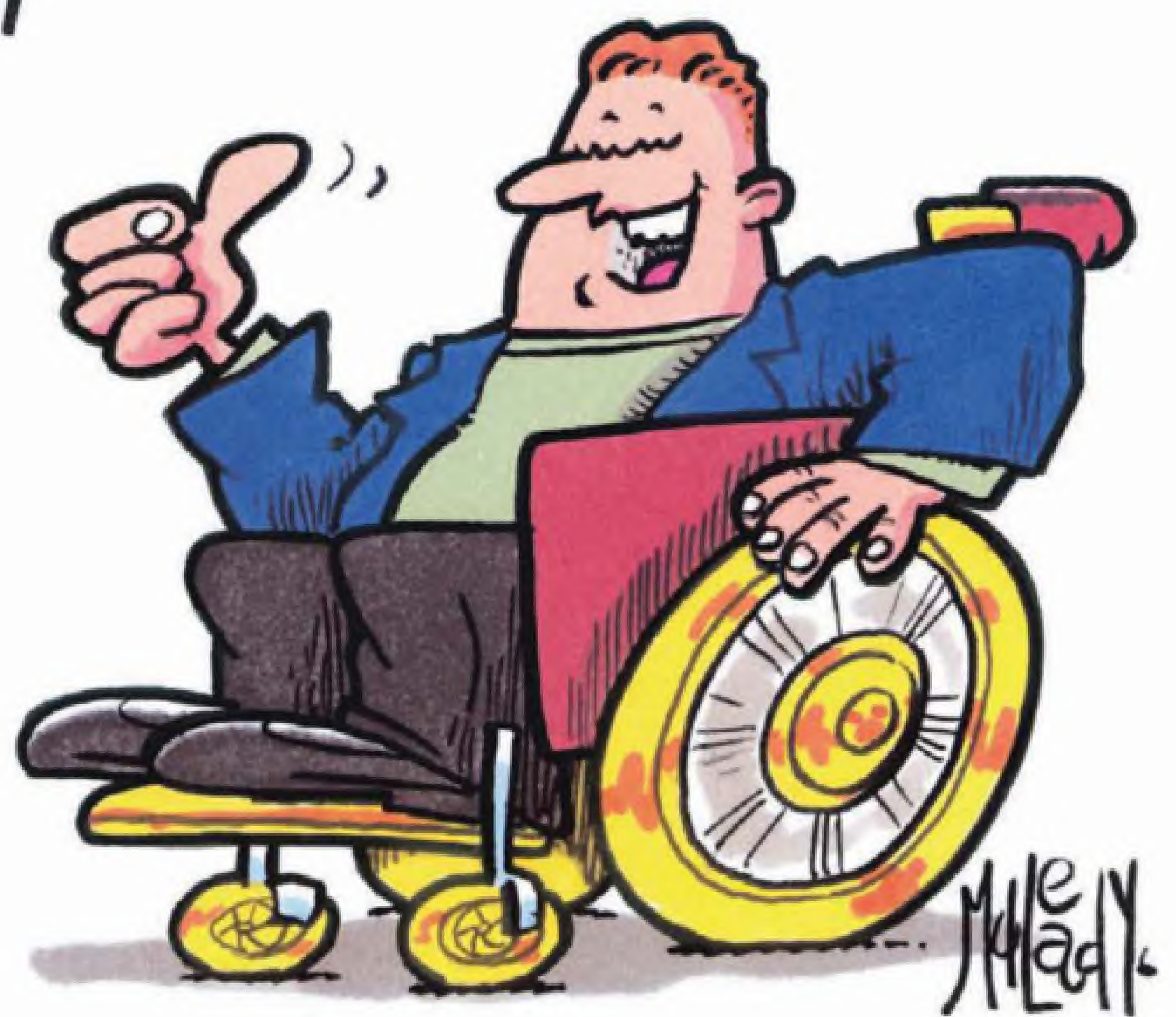
MEASUREMENTS

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"At the heart of the First Amendment is the recognition of the fundamental importance of the free flow of ideas. Freedom to speak one's mind is not only an aspect of individual liberty, but essential to the quest for truth and the vitality of society as a whole. In the world of debate about public affairs, many things done with motives that are less than admirable are nonetheless protected by the First Amendment."

-Chief Justice
William Rehnquist
Flynt v. Falwell
U.S. Supreme Court
1988



"PAY ATTENTION, CONGRESSMEN AND SENATORS."

PROF VS. HOROWITZ

Student reporter **Lena Chen** investigates what prompted a noted **Harvard University** graduate to battle one of America's most notorious right-wing agitators.

When David Horowitz's book—*The Professors: The 101 Most Dangerous Academics in America*—went on sale in early 2006, a storm of controversy and outrage erupted on college campuses nationwide. (Editor's Note: Part 2 of HUSTLER's Q&A with Horowitz begins on page 60 of this issue.) The book was essentially a hit list of "liberal" professors, and possible targets held their collective breath while flipping through the incendiary pages.

Harvard University, however, could rest easy. Despite its liberal climate and prominent reputation for Progressive thought, Harvard—located in Cambridge, Massachusetts—was one of the few top schools that had remained unscathed by Horowitz's critique. Well, *almost* unscathed.

While Horowitz didn't pick any current faculty member among his 101 "most dangerous," he *did* include Joel Beinin—a 1974 Harvard graduate. Beinin, who now teaches Middle East studies at California's Stanford University, has made a name for himself as a respected scholar and as a critic of Israel's human rights abuses.

Beinin's background and political leanings make him an easy target for conservatives. Campus-Watch.org (founded by Horowitz's right-wing pal Daniel Pipes) attacked Beinin's credibility in the classroom due to his "pro-Palestinian" viewpoints. Beinin, who is Jewish, argues that the U.S. and Israel should negotiate with the Palestinian Authority as a means toward peace.

Horowitz is a longtime critic of the outspoken professor, labeling Beinin an "apologist" and a "self-hating Jew." This past summer the neocon went a step further, publishing a pamphlet titled "Campus Leaders on Terror," which described Beinin as a supporter of the Palestinian Liberation Organization. Beinin's photograph even graced the cover, although Horowitz didn't have permission to use the image.

Disputing the allegations, Beinin has struck back. But rather than pursue charges of libel (usually difficult to prove in court), the tenured Stanford professor has taken a clever—and less risky—tack. First, Beinin obtained legal rights to the pamphlet photo from the photographer, then later sued Horowitz for using it without authorization.

Shortly thereafter, in a letter to *The Stanford Daily*,



Harvard student Chris Murphy: Beinin should challenge Horowitz, but not in a legal skirmish.

PHOTO BY LENA CHEN



PHOTO BY RICK E. MARTIN/SAN JOSE MERCURY NEWS

Branded a "dangerous academic" by neocon David Horowitz (inset), Stanford University's Joel Beinin is fighting back. He asserts that keeping silent hurts the cause of intelligent discussion.

Horowitz fired off a cannon shot of his own: "If Joel Beinin thinks that my assessment of his work...is false and is an attempt to 'destroy his reputation'...why doesn't he sue me for libel? The answer is that *truth* is a defense against libel, and Beinin (or his lawyer) knows this."

The right-winger also claims that the lawsuit is meant to intimidate him into silence, violating his freedom of speech. Horowitz maintains that Beinin is taking an "underhanded" approach by suing him over a copyright that the plaintiff did not own at the time "Campus Leaders on Terror" was published. The Horowitz-Beinin clash has already sparked debate on both the Harvard and Stanford campuses.

Harvard sophomore Frances Martel says that Professor Beinin shouldn't be surprised to find himself in the limelight. "If you're going to attack Israel, especially in academia and in this day and age," she says, "you have to expect that reaction."

Argues Harvard student Chris Murphy: "The root of Horowitz's argument is in the text, not in the photograph. *Beinin* is pushing for censorship in this case."

Considering Horowitz's pamphlet a threat to academic freedom, Professor Beinin vows to battle to the bitter end. "If you don't fight back," he told the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "[if you] allow the Horowitzes to do and say what they want, it pollutes the political environment to the point where you can't have intelligent discussions about what we do in the world."

As a result of the lawsuit, Beinin's now-copyrighted image has been removed from future printings of "Campus Leaders on Terror," but the ideological debate rages on.

Lena Chen, a sophomore sociology major at Harvard University, writes for the Ivy League school's venerable daily newspaper, *The Harvard Crimson*.

Attention college journalists: If you have an idea for a news story involving your school, contact us at HUSTLER@lfp.com.



HUSTLER has long been a haven for the uninhibited, but sexy bookworms who love showing some skin are a special breed indeed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us some naughty pics and garner \$350 in financial assistance!



"I always have a ball when I start taking off my clothes!"



"I finally went back to school...and I love it back there too!"

SUMMER "I want to be naked for the world," proclaims this University of Arkansas at Little Rock sophomore, who's provided readers with a brief, but tantalizing, Summer vacation. Aptly named, the 5-foot-7, 34C-26-34 softball and jet-skiing buff sizzles aesthetically and amorously. "I want to have sex all the time no matter where I may be," admits the health science major, "and I enjoy lots of foreplay—giving and getting." Since the captivating short-stop provided a nice fanny shot, we had to ask if anal sex is also part of her sexual curriculum. Acing our pop quiz, Summer, 31, replies, "Is it ever! I love anal. I have the best orgasms that way!" As for a fantasy, the athletic knockout divulges, "I just became bi, so I would like to make love with another girl by a lakeshore while it's raining. I love being wet!" —Photos by Friend



"I love watching the expression on a guy's face when I'm giving him a blowjob!"

"I'm willing to do what it takes to be a super-model," vows Veronica, 18, a freshman at hottie-rich **Maui Community College**. Although tall and slender enough for fashion work—she's a 5-foot-9 B-cupper—the tawny denizen of Lahaina, Hawaii, has already chosen to ditch the duds. "Posing nude is the only way to go!" roars Veronica, whose extra-curricular kicks are primarily "surfing and socializing."

VERONICA

With respect to the latter, going all the way is inevitable—possibly with "playing doctor" as a lewd prelude. "I get off examining penises and vaginas," the nursing major impishly confides, "then having fun with them. I'm bi and very aggressive. I used to dig only girls, but now I love giving *everybody* head and getting fucked doggy-style by guys. No wonder I'm a multiple-partners nympho!" A self-professed math whiz, Veronica is already a super coed. —Photos by Friend



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VERONICA SAINT

COMING NEXT MONTH

THOM HARTMANN: HOW YOU'RE GETTING SCREWED

Air America radio show host Thom Hartmann's best-seller, *Screwed: The Undeclared War Against the Middle Class and What We Can Do About It*, blows the whistle on the schemes of neoconservatives and their corporate pals to make life miserable for the vast majority of Americans. Get the details as Hartmann is interviewed by Editorial Director Bruce David and Research Director Mark Johnson.



THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE

MySpace.com isn't just the Internet's most popular destination; it's a social network filled with beautiful women. HUSTLER launched an exhaustive search to photograph the hottest among them. Don't miss the naked superstars of cyberspace, part 1.



MASSIVE ATTACK ON THE WARPATH

Robert "3D" Del Naja, founding member of England's influential trip-hop group Massive Attack, rarely gives interviews. Next time, however, Del Naja speaks out on Bush, Tony Blair, free speech and the war in Iraq in an exclusive Q&A with Entertainment Editor Tom Farrell.



EXPLOSIVE NEW 9/11 EVIDENCE

Think 9/11 conspiracy theorists are crazy? Alex Jones, the Texas talk-show host who predicted the attacks, points out that the U.S. has a history of sponsoring terrorism. Even actor Charlie Sheen has serious questions about 9/11. Now the makers of the controversial documentary *Loose Change* offer more convincing evidence. Plus, new findings on the physics of the Twin Towers' collapse shed doubt on the government's official story. HUSTLER's Mark Johnson reports.



AL GOLDSTEIN'S REVENGE

The "Sultan of Smut" is back! The founder and longtime publisher of *Screw Magazine*, Al Goldstein returns to print with a seething rant. When *Screw* went belly up in 2004, Goldstein not only lost his home and fortune, but also his cherished soapbox. Now 70, Al spews accumulated bile on politicians, ex-wives and other people he hates.



REPUBLICAN PERVERTS

You will not believe how many Republicans have molested underage boys and girls. We have the comprehensive GOP Pervert list, exposing conservative America's most salacious sexual deviants.



CELEBRITY NIP-SLIPS

At Miami's swanky South Beach one of our eagle-eyed photogs snapped away as sexy Dutch model Sharlely Kerssenberg touched herself in public. Plus, O.J. Simpson's girlfriend Christie Prody shows off her boobs during a wild night on the town.



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Here are some interesting facts about cigars you may not know.

★ The arrival of Christopher Columbus in the New World led to the first recorded observation of the cigar. On October 28, 1492, the explorer noted in a log that natives burned and inhaled leaves of a local plant. Rodrigo de Xeres, a Columbus lieutenant, became the first European to give it a try and continued to smoke the Indians' stogies throughout the expedition.

★ The English word *cigar* evolved from the ancient Mayan word for smoking, *sikar*. Hence, what primitive smokers puffed on was called a *ciq-sigan*, which the Spanish conquistadors dubbed *cigarro*.

★ The ancient Indians of South and Central America did not manufacture cigars as they are known today. Tobacco was wrapped in maize, palm or other vegetation.

★ The Spanish are credited with establishing the cigar industry.

★ English explorer Sir Walter Raleigh brought tobacco from Puerto Rico to London, where he set up a company that bears his name to this day.

★ The tradition of cigar-smoking was introduced to North America in 1650 with the arrival of European settlers. It was considered a luxury of the upper class for many years.

★ Former President Bill Clinton admitted to once putting a cigar into Monica Lewinsky's vagina and then later smoking it.

★ In 2006 more than 13.4 billion cigars were sold. The average price was \$7 each. Damn, look at Tia. She sure is smoking!

TIA

HO



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PHOTOGRAPHY BY THOMAS RIFTER

















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BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★★ SHOWCASE

EDITED BY TOM FARRELL



Aphrodisiac: Evan Stone gives Memphis Monroe the hammer of the gods.

Aphrodisiac

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** JEROME TANNER. **STARRING:** MEMPHIS MONROE, DAISY MARIE, EVA ANGELINA, JASMINE BYRNE, SANDRA ROMAIN, MISSY MONROE, NAOMI, EVAN STONE, TOMMY GUNN, LEE STONE AND STEVE HOLMES.

I HUSTLER Video's biggest-budget release to date looks like money well spent, and you'll be spent after seeing it. *Aphrodisiac* tells the tale of a fortune-seeker named Dakota Smith (convincingly portrayed by Evan Stone), who leads an expedition in search of a mystical sexual elixir that has driven many a man to his ruin. Stone is the Clint Eastwood of adult cinema, a testament against the "porn stars can't act" fable—and is just as cool in non-sex roles as he is when laying pipe. Stone first gets down to business in a cantina with beautiful Daisy Marie, setting the tone for *Aphrodisiac*'s numerous hot sex scenes, notably the next one—a ghostly encounter with Missy Monroe and Jasmine Byrne. The plot thickens when Stone and his cohorts discover a magical mirror that transports them to an ancient land. There Stone encounters the object of his desire, the goddess Aphrodite, embodied by Memphis Monroe. We won't spoil the ending, but we will tell you that the sex and the journey are worth the ride. *Aphrodisiac* also contains a bonus disc packed with extra features, including a visit behind the scenes and hot sex talk with the film's alluring ladies.

—Barry Allen

Daisy Marie doesn't need an *Aphrodisiac*; she'd rather be Evan Stoned!





Aphrodisiac's top-billed Memphis Monroe lures the Evan bone, then drains it (below).



Retro Porn

Titles Make Their Way to DVD

Over the past decade, tons of titles have been dusted off and rereleased on DVD, giving new generations a chance to see some of the classic Golden Age of XXX titles. We now take a look at seven hard-core titles that are finally seeing the light of day on DVD.

Image Entertainment and **Jezebel/Salvation Films UK** have dusted off two classic British sex romps that capture the spirit and fashion of mod-swinging London. ***She'll Follow You Anywhere***, a/k/a *Passion Potion*, tells the tale of a new scent with incredible aphrodisiacal properties. Our hero, who looks like he fell off the



cover of *Sgt. Pepper*, drowns himself in the cologne and hits the streets, where he discovers the old axiom about too much of a good thing. The movie features Hammer horror lovelies Mary and Madeleine Collinson (*Twins of Evil*) and Penny Brahms (*Dracula A.D. 1972*). What's interesting is that even though this film pulled an X rating in its original release (1971), there's absolutely no nudity! However, there's plenty of Benny Hill-styled naughtiness and romping around. If released today, *She'll Follow You Anywhere* would probably receive a PG rating.

The same goes for ***Loving Feeling***, which hit theaters in 1968. The story seems to foresee the DJ culture, focusing on a disc jockey and his rampant miniskirted groupies. *Loving Feeling* looks like it was costumed by alumni of the *Brady*

Bunch. Both movies are in the must-see category for their time capsule value, depicting the Austin Powers-like groovy London of yore.

Moving on to harder digs, the folks at **Kitty Media** have released two of XXXdom's highest-rated affairs, courtesy of legendary director **Cecil Howard**. "There has never been an X-rated film like this one!" touted *Screw* magazine's review of ***Neon Nights***. *Playboy* called it "the grand master of erotic films," while AVN opined, "among the very best adult films ever made." A wild, surrealistic journey into the mind of a troubled girl, *Neon Nights* brings to mind director Federico Fellini (continued on page 147)





A History of
Brooke Ha
makes history with
her first D.P.

Guards and only ones getting
access to Teagan Presley's mound.
Tommy Gunn takes off a load in
**Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's
Private Collection Vol. 1.**

Centerfolds: Brittney Skye blows
a lot more than Mick Blue's mind.



Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol. 1

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** RICHARD HAMILTON. **STARRING:** MONICA SWEETHEART, TEAGAN PRESLEY, LANNY BARBY, LEXIE MARIE, CARLY PARKER, PATRICIA PETITE, BRITTNEY SKYE, RITA FALTOYANO, SHY LOVE, ANTHONY HARDWOOD, TOMMY GUNN, TALON, ANDREA MORANTI, JEAN VAL JEAN, MICK BLUE, RANDY SPEARS AND TRENT TESORO.

Considering how selective Larry Flynt was about who made the final cut for his scalding-hot *Centerfolds* series, you know *Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol. 1* is the *creme de la creme*. There's almost three hours of unadulterated sex as Larry picks his top eight scenes, featuring nine of the hottest chicks from the HUSTLER Video arsenal. These cock-crazy cuties earn their keep too. Brittney Skye, Rita Faltoyano, Shy Love and Patricia Petite all take it up the ass, while Lanny Barby one-ups them with a balls-to-the-wall D.P. Plus, luscious Teagan Presley adds some kinky flair thanks to an unusual contraption. With stars handpicked by the man himself, *Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol. 1* is arguably the ultimate HUSTLER DVD. —**Squirt Reynolds**

Yeah, that looks like a comfortable
position for a **Centerfolds** scene.
Monica Sweetheart and Anthony
Hardwood think so.



Monica's a sweetheart
for taking care of
Anthony's hard wood in **Centerfolds:
Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol. 1.**



Lanny Barby isn't going to pay a lot for that muffler! Andrea Moranti and Talon help discount her repair bill in **Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol. 1.**



Centerfolds: "Say ahhh!" Spunky Lanny Barby gets her talons on Talon and Andrea Moranti.



Centerfolds: Randy Spears and Tommy Gunn on a late-night talk show? No, but Rita Faltoyano provides something you don't normally get in the Green Room.

Retro Porn Titles Make Their Way to DVD

(continued from page 145) himself and features a host of special effects that were quite over the top for its day. Filmed in 1981, *Neon Nights* stars Lysa Thatcher, Veronica Hart, Jody Maxwell, Jamie Gillis and Eric Edwards.

Also from Kitty Media comes the critically-lauded *Babylon Pink*, which proclaims itself to be "The Highest Rated Film Ever" from our very own HUSTLER Magazine. The two-disc set houses an updated sound mixed to 5.1 stereo, as well as the original tracking. There's a commentary from Cecil Howard and



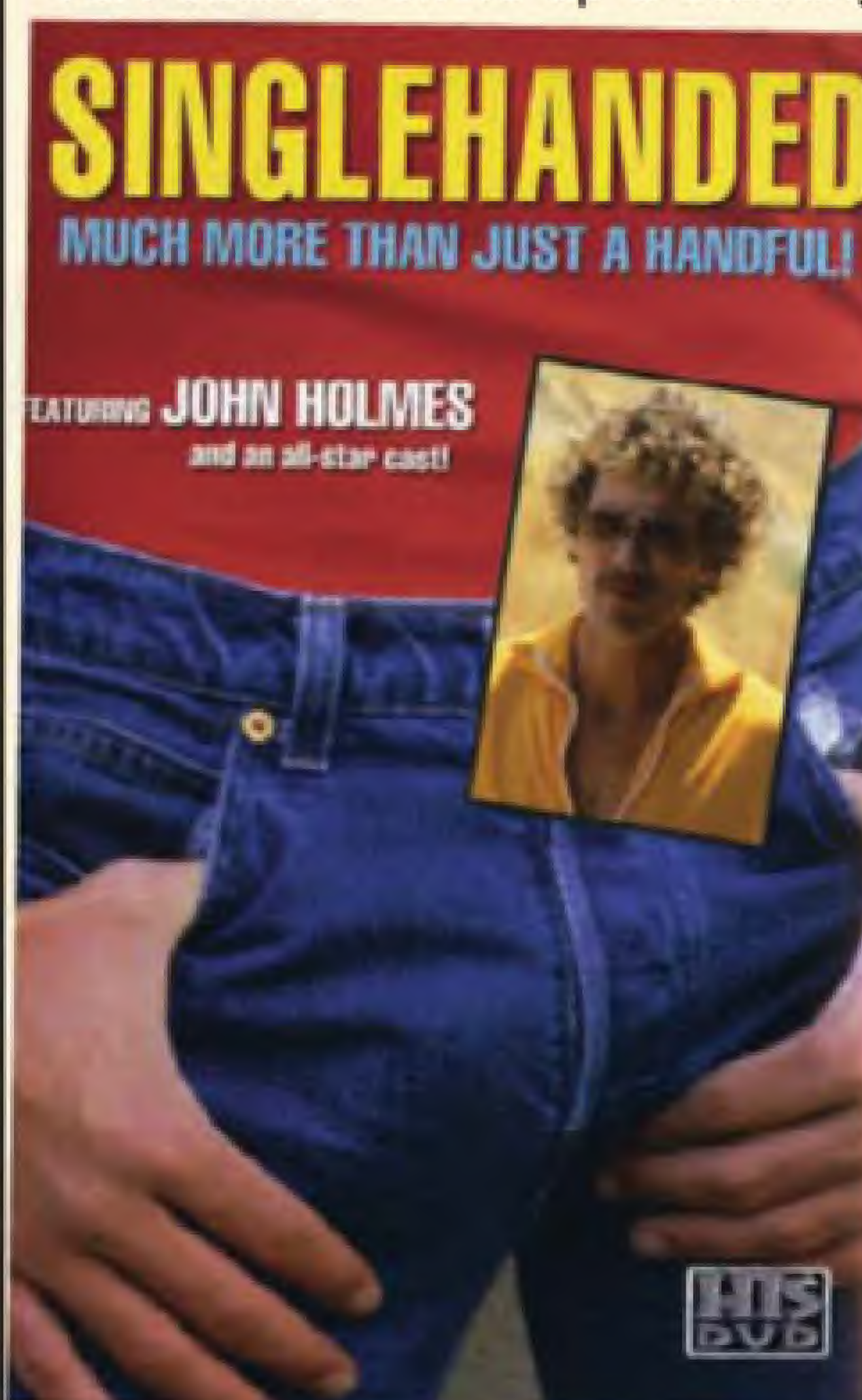
Henri Pachard, never-seen-before outtakes and the theatrical trailer. The second disc features the "softer" cable TV version, interviews with the cast and crew, and a photo gallery. The 1981 release stars legends Vanessa Del Rio, Samantha Fox and Georgina Spelvin.

Arrow Productions, the Rolls-Royce of smut's Golden Age, has released 1973's opus *Wet Rainbow*. Harry Reems plays a college profes-



sor who's drawn away from his artist wife (Georgina Spelvin) by a nude model named Rainbow. Of course, carnality ensues.

Last but certainly not least, VCA Classics has a handful of outings that belong in your DVD player. The sequel to *Sexscapades*, 1988's *Great Sex Expectations*, stars Kelly Nichols and Honey Wilder in a well-lensed scorcher. *Singlehanded* is a great starting-off place for John Holmes fans, featuring seven scenes from his heyday. Finally, VCA Classics offers up a stunning three-



disc compilation, *The Vanessa Del Rio Collection Volume 1*. A trio of the busty, lusty Puerto Rican's most memorable flicks—*Beyond Desire*, *Dr. Lust* and the Dark Brothers epic, *Deep Inside Vanessa Del Rio*—are finally on DVD. ■

HUSTLER BEHIND THE SCENES



"I've always wanted to direct!" Shy Love walks Evan Stone through her pussy as the camera rolls.

Shy Love Pokes Fun at Hit Dot-Com

THE VIRTUAL COMMUNITY MYSPACE dominates the online world. Inspired by the popularity of the Web site, multitasking Shy Love—HUSTLER Video's new contract star—decided to add a sexy new twist to the concept, a hard-core spoof titled *Myxxxpornspace.com*. Besides calling the shots, Shy will also be one of the stars, along with Nikki Benz, Hillary Scott, Alektra Blue, Leanni Lei, Tory Lane, Barry Scott, Evan Stone and Jack Lawrence.

Shy Love proves to be quite the workhorse in her directorial debut, lensing five scenes in one massive, all-day shoot. Once the curlers are removed from her thick, wavy hair, Shy checks to make sure her "pussy smells good and tastes good." She is good to go.

The movie gets started as Love meets a lady killer (Evan Stone) in a coffee shop. The two characters, who had previously met through a Web site, decide to hook up in person. Stone's proposal to Love is a one-time friendly fuck with no strings attached in the alley across the street. Love obliges, and off they go. As soon as the couple arrives at the dirty fuck spot, clothes are ripped off, and Love and Stone engage in a primitive sexual encounter. After fucking in various positions, Love finally takes Stone's cock deep in her ass. This anal scene is the highlight of the film.

We are then treated to Alektra Blue and Nikki Benz in a sizzling lesbo tryst. According to Alektra, "Nikki and I work very well together." It's quickly apparent that the girls know each other's bodies well. The blond and brunette contrast adds to this delicious scene.



"And so the Pope says, 'That's not my holy water sprinkler!'" Cameramen Matt Holden (left) and Mile Long entertain Hillary Scott.

In an ironic note, afterward, Nikki states, "My MySpace account was deleted today, but I was able to call and complain and get my account back online." She has over 71,000 friends and fans at MySpace.

Also on hand was a special guest. Shy Love has donated to many cancer research organizations in the past, and to raise even more money, last summer she organized a silent auction to bid on "A Day on a HUSTLER Set With Shy Love." The proceeds went to Shy's favorite charitable cause, and one lucky fan got to meet the lady and watch her hard at work in *Myxxxpornspace.com*.

—James Smith



Britney Rears #3: Yo, ho, Afro! Jasmine Byrne and Marco Banderas check out each other's 'fros while leading lady Hillary Scott looks on.



Shy Love gives Alektra Blue and Nikki Benz (right) tips on the fine art of dildoeing.



Hillary can't believe she ate the whole thing, and neither can John E. Depth.

Britney Rears #3: Britney Gets Shafted

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** WILL RIDER. **STARRING:** HILLARY SCOTT, JASMINE BYRNE, JENNA PRESLEY, KAT, ALANA EVANS, VICTORIA SWEET, MELISSA MARTINEZ, NAOMI, JOHN E. DEPTH, TOMMY GUNN, JAMES DEEN, KURT LOCKWOOD, JOHNNY CASTLE AND MARCO BANDERAS.



Britney Rears is back, and she goes back to the future in *Britney Rears #3: Britney Gets Shafted*. Our pop-star heroine time-travels to the '70s for a dose of Afros, leisure suits, disco and no-holes-barred sex. Stepping into the role that Jessica Sweet made famous, superstar Hillary Scott does a bang-up job. First, John E. Depth stretches her pussy to the limit in a hot interracial scene, then Kurt Lockwood reams her asshole in the white-hot finale. Babes Jasmine Byrne and Jenna Presley handle cock like Picasso with a paint brush, but it's the swingin'-'70s group-sex scenes that take this flick to the max. *Britney Rears #3* is sexy fun for couples, but has more than enough blistering heat to keep single dudes happy too. Plus, the entire original installment—*Britney Rears: Wild Back Stage Sex Party*—is included as a bonus disc.

—S.R.



Whore, Jim lad! Alex Sanders plunders Olivia O'Lovely in *Surrender the Booty #2*.

Hillary Scott also gets shafted courtesy of John E. Depth in *Britney Rears #3*.



Sneak Peek!

Who wants to spend Christmas in Memphis?

Christmas in Memphis

SANTA CLAUS won't be the only one coming this holiday season. HUSTLER contract girls Memphis Monroe, Mya Luanna and Shy Love will give you a good reason to visit the North Pole with *Christmas in Memphis*, a holiday-themed sextravaganza guaranteed to deck your balls.

"It was just like I was back home in Kentucky," says a beaming Memphis, decked out in a HUSTLER top and a plaid micro-miniskirt revealing her shapely bare behind. "It was really a lot of fun. We shot it in a huge homey house with a big Christmas tree and snow falling outside and lots of presents everywhere. I always go commando. You'll never catch me in panties!"



Evan Stone starts his holiday feast with Memphis Monroe.

Santa Claus is coming... on Memphis!



Christmas in Memphis, directed by Jerome Tanner, will warm the cockles of your heart with a potpourri of sex scenes. Truly unforgettable is a three-way under the Yule tree with Memphis Monroe, Mya Luanna and Shy Love. "We got into a lot of fun positions," Memphis recalls with a smile. "The triangle was great. The whole movie is a kind of a POV for the viewer."

Christmas in Memphis is stuffed with the best gift of all: gorgeous vixens going ho, ho, ho! ■

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RED LIGHTS gets hers
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BIG BOOBY LATV MOMS

HARMONY'S
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WORLD POKE HER TOUR

SEX-Z'S
BUTT ROCKERS

SORORITY SEX'S
KAPPA SEX PARTY



See Memphis in *HUSTLER's Backwoods Of Memphis*.

Teagan's Juice:
"You wanna put it
where?!" Ms.
Presley asks
Erik Everhard.



Teagan's Juice

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** CELESTE. **STARRING:** TEAGAN PRESLEY, SOPHIA SANTI, CELESTE STAR, CHARLIE LAINE, CODI MILO, MICHELLE MAYLENE, NAOMI, ERIK EVERHARD, JERRY, MARCO BANDERAS AND SCOTT NAILS.

Shot entirely on HD, with Dolby Digital surround sound, *Teagan's Juice* features wall-to-wall Teagan Presley. The babe appears in the majority of the scenes, including an anal with Erik Everhard and two other boy/girl matchups—one with Jerry and the other with Marco Banderas. Both guys end their scenes with a nice pop-shot on Teagan's tight body. Teagan also does a masturbation solo, fucking herself with a red glass dildo. Sophia Santi has a masturbation scene of her own as well, but she prefers something softer. She teases some bananas with her mouth while licking, stroking and sucking them. After rubbing one outside her pussy, she later slides a condom-protected banana inside her and proceeds to deliciously bang herself. Along the way, Teagan and Codi Milo hook up. This lezzie session takes place in a bubblebath, where the two lovely ladies give each other their own tongue bath, feast on each other's shaved clits and finger each other. The XXX fun continues with a threeway featuring Teagan, Charlie Laine and Celeste Star. The girls are very desirable and have great chemistry. Nice eye candy *and* heat make a great combo. When Michelle Maylene shows up, there's more food play as the trollop plays with and sucks an ice cream bar as Scott Nails is sleeping in the same room. She wakes him up, and they start to go at it, offering plenty of oral action. Maylene sucks both Scott's cock and the ice cream bar. Then she takes it from behind, missionary and reverse cowgirl. After sticking it to her, Scott pops his load in Maylene's face and mouth. Really?!?

—J.S.



Juice: Naomi
says howdy to
Scott Nails.



The Fling: It's Sapphic Twister with cheeky Faith, flicking Tory Lane and toy-wielding Sue Diamond.

The Fling

WICKED PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** KELLY HOLLAND. **STARRING:** JESSICA DRAKE, BROOKE, VERONICA RAYNE, FAITH, SUE DIAMOND, TORY LANE, RANDY SPEARS, BARRETT BLADE, JOHNNY CASTLE, FRANKO DEL TORO, BRAD ARMSTRONG AND STEVEN ST. CROIX.

Jessica Drake, star of almost 200 movies in her seven-year career, convincingly plays an inexperienced bride-to-be looking to sow her wild oats in *The Fling*. Thankfully, Jessica's real-life experience kicks in as the hot blonde gets her premarital jollies in spectacular fashion. She goes from giving Barrett Blade a ball-draining blowjob to licking her fiancé's cum off her ass to taking it up said ass from Brad Armstrong. To get even, groom-to-be Randy Spears goes out and bangs three hot girls at once. Faith, Sue Diamond and Tory Lane take him on, but he freaks out and takes off when they stick a dildo up his butt. Undeterred, the girls continue on without him in a writhing lesbian orgy. Throw in a short but sweet threeway from Jessica's slutty girlfriend Brooke and the sight of deep-throater Veronica Rayne resting balls on her chin, and you really got something. *The Fling* is as romantic as it is hard-core.

—Kevin Wright



The Fling: Johnny Castle gets a Brooke blowjob (and a little shuteye) while Franko Del Toro covers the rear flank.



Rebecca Linares epitomizes In Thru the Back Door.

In Thru the Back Door

VOUYER MEDIA. **DIRECTOR:** VINCE VOUYER. **STARRING:** SASHA GREY, KAYLYNN, REBECA LINARES, JASMINE TAME, SAMANTHA SIN, VINCE VOUYER, BRIAN PUMPER, SCOTT LYONS AND STEVE TAYLOR.

I Just 18, Sasha Grey is already making a huge splash in XXX. Exhibit A is her ostensible debut, *In Thru the Back Door*. The sultry Miss Grey doesn't just lie there and take it up her juicy bubble butt like so many porn starlets her age. She fiends for it like a junkie and rides Vince Vouyer harder than a Harley in need of a tune-up, all while shouting salty invectives like "I'm a bitch? You're a fucking bitch, fucking fucker!" It should be noted, however, that *motherfucker* is her preferred term of endearment. Spanish import Rebeca Linares is another rising star who loves to get nasty, superbly handling an intense D.P. with Vouyer and Scott Lyons. The stars are all top-shelf honeys with asses to die for, but there may be too much of a good thing. Each vignette is around 40 minutes or so, and Kaylynn goes for almost a half hour before she even starts to take it in the ass. Still, you'll get over that. *In Thru the Back Door* is a must-see thanks to Sasha Grey and company. —K.W.

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JASMINE BYRNE

SEX BY DESIGN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY





JASMINE

Fans of XXX cinema will easily recognize this red-hot Latina's stunning body. The beautiful Jasmine Byrne has starred in more than 200 erotic films, but the precocious Californian was an avid fuck bunny long before venturing into the skin biz. "I have always been adventurous and unusually curious when it comes to sex," she confides. "At an early age I was horny, and I lost my virginity at 12. Once I came of age, I answered an ad in a local newspaper for adult models, and things blossomed from there. Porn allows me to fulfill my desires while making a decent living."

Besides screwing—for the camera and her own personal delight—the exotic honey has another interesting pursuit. "I sometimes work as a dominatrix," Jasmine reveals. "It's kind of fun to beat some guy, knowing he enjoys it." Does that mean the diminutive nympho needs to be in charge when she's getting it on? "I love to be on top," she replies, "but I'm willing to give myself over to a guy if it's going to bring me some pleasure."

While Jasmine continues to add to her impressive body of work, she already has her sights set on another showbiz career. "When porn no longer wants me," she says, "I hope to be a pop songwriter. I write ballad lyrics all the time and would love to have them sung by someone like Mariah Carey, Madonna or Christina Aguilera. It would be nice to hear one of my tunes on the radio."

Right now it's nice seeing Jasmine Byrne writhing in the nude.



JASMINE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN

Riverside, California

AGE

20

BIRTH SIGN

Capricorn

EYES

brown

HAIR

brown

HEIGHT

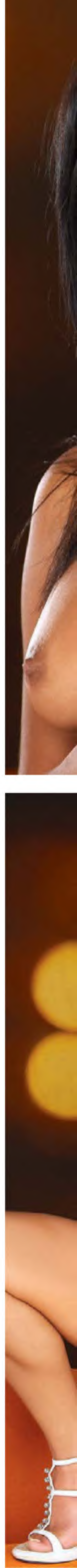
5-2

WEIGHT

115

MEASUREMENTS

36B-24-36



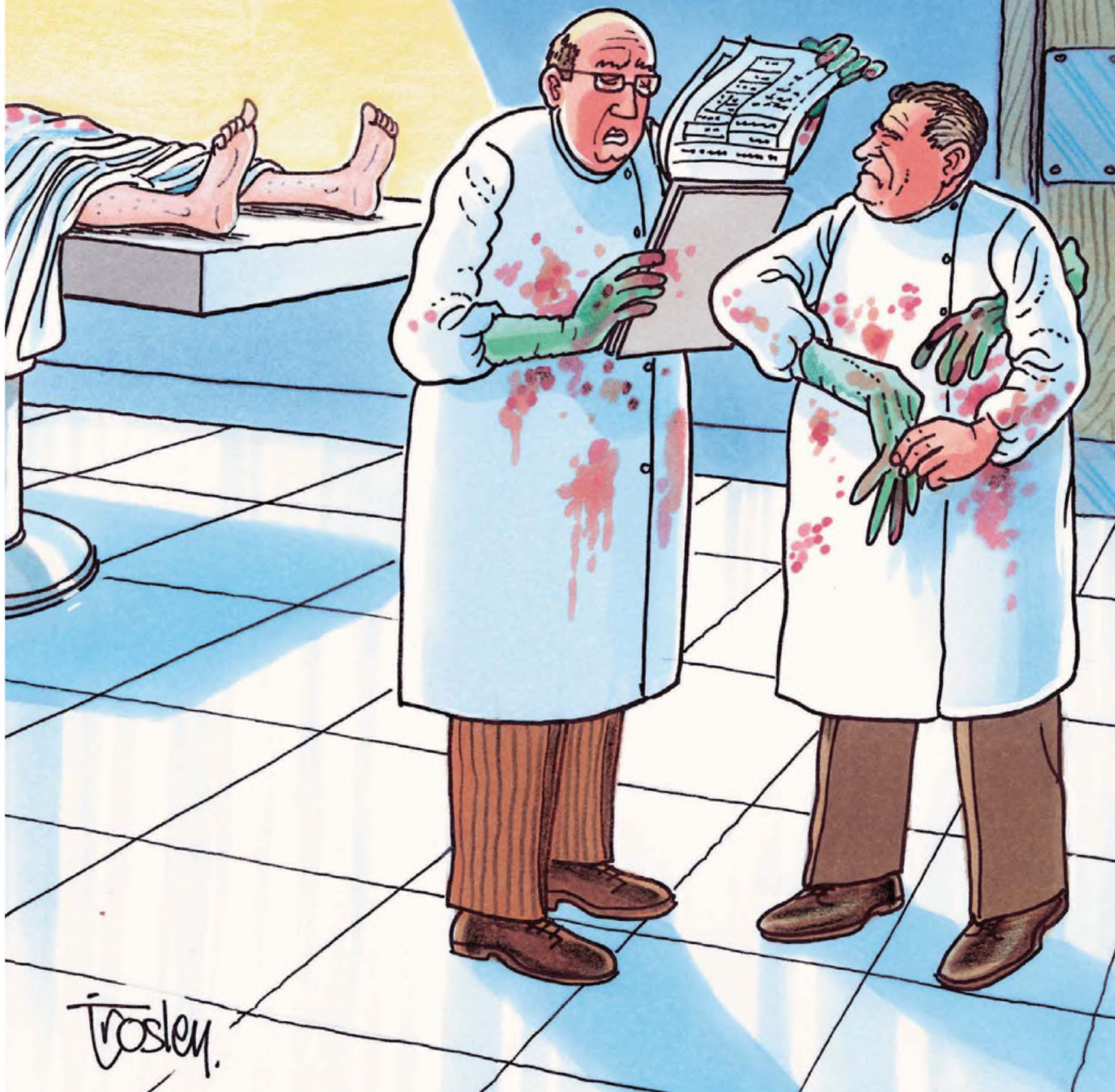




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ANNA NICOLE SMITH'S
SON'S AUTOPSY



"We'll have to invent a cover-up story. All the tests conclude
he died of embarrassment!"

(continued from page 11) circles around the bunny mag.

I'd also like to mention that the guy who wrote a *Feed-back* letter about former wrestler Tylene Buck was right on the money. This bitch has got it wherever you look. I'm delighted that Tylene left the ring and headed for the camera.

Finally, a busty blonde named Candy Manson has appeared in a competing publication. Besides having a body that screams "Fuck me!," Candy seems to lack any morals whatsoever. She'd be perfect for HUSTLER!

—S.B.

Chicago, Illinois

F*#&! Fox

Would Fox News wipe its ass with a copy of HUSTLER Magazine? Probably not. Is

Fox News fair and balanced? Hardly. For decades, conservatives have alleged that America's media is liberal.

I recently began reading the 1997 Feral House book *Grossed-Out Surgeon Vomits Inside Patient!: An Insider's Look at Supermarket Tabloids*. On page 22 the author, Jim Hogshire, states that Fox News owner "Rupert Murdoch began the *Star* in 1974, no doubt inspired by the success of the *National Enquirer*." The book also claims that it was the *Star* which caught Bill Clinton in the Gennifer Flowers scandal.

Could all of this be true? It would certainly explain Fox's sensationalistic tactics and the network's decision to make Bill O'Reilly—the former host of *Inside Edition*—its

nightly pundit. I think a well-researched exposé of Rupert Murdoch is in order.

—Wylie Hnat
Iowa City, Iowa

We may just do that. Meanwhile, check out *Outfoxed: Rupert Murdoch's War on Journalism* from filmmaker Robert Greenwald.

No More Freaks

I have been a HUSTLER reader for more than 30 years. I'm 59 now, and it seems that I have lost interest in your magazine. It is moving into areas I feel should be left alone, namely tattooed models and monster/freak people. Monsters and freaks belong in the carnival; they have nothing to do with a fine piece of ass.

HUSTLER is now blend-

ing sex with freaks, outcasts and other ugly factors. You should showcase beautiful women, not freaks.

—Lover of the Art of Flesh
Phoenix, Arizona

Dickless DVDs?

I am writing in regard to the DVDs that come free with each newsstand issue of HUSTLER. The content of each one has been slipping on a downward spiral lately. In short, how about less dick and more pussy? I'd love it if every DVD packaged with the magazine was strictly lesbian action. Please make this happen.

—Tommy Tobin
Las Vegas, Nevada

Wow! You offer something for free—a hard-core DVD no less—and people still complain.

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VERONICA SAINT

COMING NEXT MONTH

THOM HARTMANN: HOW YOU'RE GETTING SCREWED

Air America radio show host Thom Hartmann's best-seller, *Screwed: The Undeclared War Against the Middle Class and What We Can Do About It*, blows the whistle on the schemes of neoconservatives and their corporate pals to make life miserable for the vast majority of Americans. Get the details as Hartmann is interviewed by Editorial Director Bruce David and Research Director Mark Johnson.



THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE

MySpace.com isn't just the Internet's most popular destination; it's a social network filled with beautiful women. HUSTLER launched an exhaustive search to photograph the hottest among them. Don't miss the naked superstars of cyberspace, part 1.



MASSIVE ATTACK ON THE WARPATH

Robert "3D" Del Naja, founding member of England's influential trip-hop group Massive Attack, rarely gives interviews. Next time, however, Del Naja speaks out on Bush, Tony Blair, free speech and the war in Iraq in an exclusive Q&A with Entertainment Editor Tom Farrell.



EXPLOSIVE NEW 9/11 EVIDENCE

Think 9/11 conspiracy theorists are crazy? Alex Jones, the Texas talk-show host who predicted the attacks, points out that the U.S. has a history of sponsoring terrorism. Even actor Charlie Sheen has serious questions about 9/11. Now the makers of the controversial documentary *Loose Change* offer more convincing evidence. Plus, new findings on the physics of the Twin Towers' collapse shed doubt on the government's official story. HUSTLER's Mark Johnson reports.



AL GOLDSTEIN'S REVENGE

The "Sultan of Smut" is back! The founder and longtime publisher of *Screw Magazine*, Al Goldstein returns to print with a seething rant. When *Screw* went belly up in 2004, Goldstein not only lost his home and fortune, but also his cherished soapbox. Now 70, Al spews accumulated bile on politicians, ex-wives and other people he hates.



REPUBLICAN PERVERTS

You will not believe how many Republicans have molested underage boys and girls. We have the comprehensive GOP Pervert list, exposing conservative America's most salacious sexual deviants.



CELEBRITY NIP-SLIPS

At Miami's swanky South Beach one of our eagle-eyed photogs snapped away as sexy Dutch model Sharlely Kerssenberg touched herself in public. Plus, O.J. Simpson's girlfriend Christie Prody shows off her boobs during a wild night on the town.



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